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Cambria Freeman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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A NIGHT IN A HELL.

"The things that may happen to a man, or the things he may do when he is so under the influence of liquor as to be on what is generally known as a tear, are so singular as to be almost beyond belief."

It was the old typographer who spoke. He was sitting with a group of friends and was sipping from a cup of hot bouillon.

"You know I haven't drank anything for years except temperance drinks, and I am thoroughly cured of the desire for liquor which was for so many years the bane of my existence. How I ever managed to escape from being killed on some of my sprees is a mystery to me. But of all the strange experiences I ever had, none, I think, equals one I had in New York when the Grand Duke Alexis was here, in 1871."

He was a good story-teller, was the old typographer, and the party sitting about him knew it, and therefore pressed him to a recital of what they knew must be a strange story.

The disciple of Franklin didn't seem to be in a hurry to tell his yarn, and he stroked his long gray beard and ruminated. Finally, after continued urging, he said:

"I'd tell it, only it's so like a romance that I'm afraid you wouldn't believe it." Then, thoughtfully, "But, by Heavens, it's true, every word of it, though now, nearly fifteen years since it happened, it seems to me like fiction rather than fact."

He sipped his bouillon in silence, seemed lost in thought for an instant, and then raising himself and leaning back in his chair, said:

"Well, boys, here goes; I'll spin you the yarn.

"I was on a night case then, and used to live at the old Merchants' Hotel on Cortlandt street. I went off duty at 4 o'clock in the morning, and from that on used to go down to the hotel and play poker with kindred spirits until 9 or 10 o'clock in the morning.

"I did this on the morning of November 20, 1871. This was Monday. The Grand Duke Alexis had arrived in the harbor on Sunday, and he was to have been received on Monday. So we played poker longer than usual in order to be up in the morning to see the procession. But there wasn't any procession to see, for it rained in torrents, and was as disagreeable a day as one could imagine.

"I'd been drinking considerably while I was playing, and finally went to bed much the worse for liquor. I couldn't get any rest, though I slept after a fashion.

"When I got up in the evening I felt very 'rocky.' 'Twas cold, dismal, and the weather was enough to give a man the blues without the help of the liquor I had in me.

"I was reckless, and decided not to go to work. I had a twenty-dollar bill and a twenty-five cent piece in my pocket.

"I put on a heavy overcoat and went up to the corner of Cortlandt street and Broadway and started up town. I paid 10 cents for stage fare and had 15 cents left, besides the twenty-dollar bill, for which I had special use. That was just the price of a cocktail. I wanted that cocktail when I got up to Bond street. So I got out and got it. That warmed me up a little and I started to walk up town.

"Mike Murray was running a gambling saloon on Eighth street then. I drifted over there with my twenty-dollar bill, and there's where my experience began.

"It wasn't as hard to get into a gambling house then as it is now, and I had no trouble in reaching the faro table. My head was far from level, but in a spirit of recklessness I threw down my twenty-dollar bill and called for a stack of dollar chips. I got 'em, and I also got the drink of whiskey I called for.

"I drank frequently and played with varying luck. Whiskey and seltzer was my drink, which was served at the table where I sat. Finally I ordered a bumper, drank it, and that is the last I remember."

"Nothing extraordinary in that, I should say," remarked one of the listeners. "It was simply an ordinary case of drunk."

"Hold on a bit, and see," resumed the old typographer. "It will be novel before I get through." He puffed vigorously at his cigar for a moment and then resumed.

"The next thing I knew was when I woke up and found myself in a strange room. It was a little room, and its furniture of such a character as to indicate that I was in a hotel.

"There was a bell pull hanging on the wall near the bed that proved that. My vest was on a chair near the bed. I reached for it, for I was terribly thirsty, and I wanted to see if there was any money there to buy a drink with. You can bet I was happy when I found $1.75. So I pulled the bell.

"A bell boy responded and I began catechising him, for I wanted, above all things, to find out if my room was paid for, and how much money I had to the good.

"'What can I do for you, sir?' asked the kid who came up in answer to my ring.

"'Tell me where I am.'

"'You're in the Grand Central Hotel.'

"'Good. What time is it?'

"'Half-past 10 o'clock, sir.'

"'All right. Bring me a whiskey cocktail.' He started for it. 'Hold on!' I shouted; 'don't be in such a deuce of a hurry; make it two.'

"He made it two, and I never saw two cocktails that tasted so good in my life. Well, I paid the kid, and gave him 10 cents for himself. That used up a half dollar. That left me a dollar and a quarter.

"I got up, dressed, and went down stairs to tackle the clerk and see if I'd paid my bill. There was an awful crowd in the corridors, but what brought them there I couldn't imagine. Everything that had happened in the past was a blank. There seemed but one thing to be done, that was to take a drink. I took it. I then had 10 cents besides my dollar.

"Then I went out and braced the clerk and found out my bill was paid. That cheered me up. So I went and took another drink. But the crowd in the hotel bothered me, and I couldn't make out what it meant. Finally I mustered up courage to ask what was going on.

"'Why, they're receiving the Grand Duke Alexis,' answered the countryman I had tackled.

"He was astonished at my ignorance, and I didn't blame him much, for I then remembered that the Grand Duke's fleet had arrived and that he was due in the city when I started on my little excursion, but that the weather had prevented the reception.

"I went out on the sidewalk after I had had another drink to take in the parade.

"Did you ever notice a favorite habit I have of pushing my hands into the side pockets of my overcoat? Well, I did it that morning. The act was an astonisher. Both hands came out as if I had pushed them into dens of rattlesnakes or beds of coals."

"What did you do that for?" asked a listener when the old typographer stopped, after nervously repeating the operation of that November day in pantomime.

"Don't hurry, boys; I'll tell you, but it must be in my way. My hair fairly stood on end, after that operation, and I held my breath. There was only one thing for me to do. I did it. The cocktails I drank gave me courage, but when I wandered to the crowded reading-room I was almost like a crazy man.

"Just as I reached the table a man rose and I dropped into his seat. Then putting my teeth firmly together, I thrust both hands into my pockets again. I felt as if every eye in the room was on me. I know they were when an instant later I drew out both handsfull of——" He hesitated.

"What?" asked several of the party in chorus.

"Greenbacks. Greenbacks of all denominations from ones up to twenties. Greenbacks rolled up in little wads, irregular in shape, size and value.

"Well, I was as much astonished as any one in the room. I know I showed it, but I braced up and put handful after handful of good money on the table in front of me. Then, my pockets being emptied, I straightened them out deliberately and then began to count. There was $427 in the pile before me.

"Astonished? Well, boys, you never saw a man so astonished in your life. I rolled the bills up in a wad and stuffed them into my pocket, and, as you may suppose, went and took a drink. Then I left the hotel and steered for Bleecker street, where in those days there was a restaurant that Bohemians used to frequent. There I sat down to try and think the thing out."

His story was apparently ended. He relapsed into silence.

"Why you won your money at the faro table, and probably cashed in your chips as fast as you won, and shoved the money into your pocket. That's easy."

"Oh, yes, it's an easy theory," resumed the typographer; "but it had all been done when I was absolutely unconscious. Notwithstanding the fact that it was good luck it frightened me, and I haven't played faro from that day to this."

"'Twas a queer experience, surely," remarked the journalist who heard the yarn. "And I suppose that money was the stepping stone to your present fortune?" he added.

"Oh, yes, of course! Fortune? Lord, man, if you were as poor as I am now you wouldn't fire off such a remark as that. Stepping stone to a fortune, indeed! Why, when I came to realize that I had so much good money I started off on a regular 'racket.'

"What I did I don't know, and I've never been able to find any one who does. I did manage to see the Grand Duke when he passed up Broadway, but the next thing I remember wasn't so pleasant.

"It was the following Monday evening. I sat in a chair on the veranda of an old hotel over in Jamaica, with the wind blowing great guns and rain and sleet beating against me like all possessed. There was no one near me, and I was almost 'broke.' I got inside the hotel and got a drink to brace up on, and I came back to New York and my case as soon as possible.

"Now for the moral. Don't drink to excess or to unconsciousness. I might have committed murder and not known it. I may have been robbed without knowing it. I got my money without knowing it, and got rid of it without knowing it. In fact the whole experience was one that I know little or nothing about to-day.

"I say, Doc, will you give me some more bouillon, and give the gentlemen whatever they wish."

WITHOUT FAULT.

John Martin had been married only a few weeks when, one Sunday, it came into his head to propose to his wife that they should plainly and honestly make known the faults that each had discovered in the other since they had been man and wife.

Mrs. Martin, after some hesitation, agreed to the proposal, stipulating, however, that the recital should be honestly made, and with the sole aim of mutual amendment. The husband was of the same mind, and the wife asked him to lead off with her faults.

John Martin coughed and looked askance at his demure little wife. He was loth to begin. He stroked his beard, shuffled his feet, and cleared his throat, but no word did he utter.

"Well, my dear, as you were the first to propose this matter, and as you are the head of the house, it seems but just for you to speak first."

Thus urged, John Martin gave a preliminary "hem," cast a dubious glance towards his wife, who, with her plump, dimpled hands folded in her snowy apron, and with serious face, sat looking straight before her, and thus began:

"Dear child, the first fault that I have to mention is that you do not keep the tinware as bright as it should be. It frequently shows stains of smoke. My mother always kept her tinware burnished like silver."

"Thank you, dear, for mentioning it," and Mrs. Martin slightly colored. "In future you shall see no stain or speck on cup, pot or pan. Go on, dear."

John Martin's face brightened, and his voice became less husky, as he proceeded.

"I have also observed that you often use your dish-cloths for a day or two without washing, and finally throw them away. Now my mother always washed her dish-cloths when done using them, then hung them up to dry, ready for the next time she would need them."

Blushing as before, the young wife promised to amend in this particular.

"I have noticed that you throw away not a little dry bread. Now, I remember that when at home my mother never threw dry bread into the scrap-basket, but utilized it in making very palatable puddings."

The color deepened on Mrs. Martin's cheeks, and descended to her neck as she said:

"Thank you, dear. I shall not forget. Pray proceed."

Being now thoroughly warmed up with his subject, and fully launched upon his cruise for faults of omission and commission, John Martin's timidity disappeared, and in a clear earnest voice he continued till he had brought forth quite a formidable array of faults. He then heaved a sigh of relief and declared he could think of nothing more.

The young housewife sat in silence, her chin quivering and a something rising in her throat that would not "down."

"Now, my dear, proceed!" cried John Martin. "Tell me all the faults you have observed in me since our marriage, and spare me not."

"Are you sure, dear, that you have thought of all my faults?" said Mrs. Martin. "Can you not think of some other little thing in which I have failed?"

"Well, dear," said John, stroking his beard and gazing fixedly at the toes of his boots, "well, I have sometimes thought that the windows are not kept quite as clean as my mother kept those of her house."

"I fear you are right, John," gulped the little wife.

"Now, dear, for my faults!" cried John Martin: "pile them upon my head."

The under-lip of the little woman trembled. For a moment she sat silent, then suddenly rising and throwing her arms about her husband's neck, she burst into tears.

"What have I done? What have I done?" cried John Martin.

"Oh, John, my husband, I am unworthy of you! How often, dear, must I have pained and worried you? I fear I have driven all love from your heart. Oh, John, John, bear with me, teach me. I will amend in all things!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, Mary! I love you as I love my life—far better than when you became my wife! Go on, dear, and tell me my faults. Dry your tears and give it to me!"

"My dear husband, you have not a fault in the world—not a fault! If you have even one, my love for you has so blinded my eyes that I have failed to see it. All that you do or say seems good in my eyes. You seem to do and say everything in the best manner, in such a way as always makes me feel proud of you."

"But, good gracious! Mary, my dear!" cried John Martin, his face reddening and his voice becoming thick with emotion—"good gracious, Mary! just think; why, here I have gone on and found all manner of fault with you! Now, I know I have many faults—ten times as many as you have, or ever will have, poor child! Let me have them; show me up!"

"Indeed, husband, it is as I tell you; you have not a single fault that I can see. You seem at all times to do that which is right and best. Bear with me, John—bear with me for a time; for now that I know what a good-for-nothing little wretch I am, I shall at once begin the work of reform—shall try to make myself worthy of you."

"You are already too good for me, Mary. I am not deserving of so good a little wife—such a dear, patient little woman! You know well enough I often go away and leave you without any wood cut; I stay up town when I ought to be at home with you; I spend money for drinks and cigars when I should bring it home to you; I——"

"You do not, John—you do not! I do not remember an instance of the kind. And what if you did—what if you did? I like to see you enjoy yourself; I should be unhappy were you to do otherwise than just as you like."

"Heaven bless you, little wife!" cried John Martin, now completely subjugated—"Heaven bless you! From this moment you have not a fault in the world—not a solitary fault. Indeed, you never had a fault. I was but joking, Mary, when I spoke of the tinware, the dishcloths, and those other matters—merely joking little woman, ha, ha, ha! And you took it all seriously? It was too bad!" and John kissed away the tears he had caused to flow.

"It will not do, John—it will not do. All you said was but too true; I see it all now. But bear with me, instruct me, and I will do my best in all things."

Never again did John Martin scrutinize the tinware, examine the dishcloths, peer into corners in search of dust—never again even so much as mention one of the faults he had enumerated.

It was not long before the neighbor women might have been heard to say:

"How wonderfully neat Mrs. Martin keeps everything about her house. Her tinware is always as bright as new silver, and it does look as if she not only washes, but also irons her very dishcloths. What a housekeeper she is!"

And men began to say:

"What a steady fellow John Martin has got to be of late! What has come over him? He doesn't spend cents now where he used to spend dollars, and he can never be kept from home half an hour when he is not at work. He seems to almost worship that little wife of his."

THE DYNAMOGRAPH

An Automatic Telegrapher that Prints and Registers Messages.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun thus describes the electric type-writer, which promises to rival to some extent the telephone. The instrument in appearance somewhat resembles an ordinary mechanical type-writer. It has a key board and the types are placed on steel bars, which play upon a common center, as is the case with the type-writer. The motive power used is electricity, by means of which evenness of action is assured. No matter how heavily or how lightly the keys are struck, the impression on the paper is the same. A remarkable feature of the invention used as a type-writer is, that the carriage moves automatically both forward and backward. When the end of the line is reached the carriage returns to the starting point without the aid of the operator, and the paper bar moves one notch, so that all that is required of the operator is to depress the keys. The most important field for the new invention is said to be in connection with the telegraph. It is said at the Patent Office that the instrument can be used both as a transmitter and a receiver of intelligence over a single wire, no matter how great the distance may be. The receiving instrument does not require the attendance of an operator, but prints the dispatch automatically. The instruments at both ends of the line print the dispatch sent and so a safeguard against mistakes is provided. It is claimed that the electric type-writer will be valued as a local aid to business, and offers many advantages over the telephone. One advantage claimed for it is that, no matter whether a person called up is at his place of business or not the message can be printed through the medium of his typewriter, and will be there for perusal on his return. The dispatches printed are in letter form, and not an endless tape. The instrument which has been christened the dynamograph, is considered by Patent Office officials to be one of the greatest inventions upon which patents have been issued. The electricians do not stint their praise and are positive that the machine will greatly simplify business intercommunication.

Unceasing Evolution.

Newspaper Canvasser (a few years hence)—"Don't you want to subscribe for my paper?"

American Citizen—"No, I've got no use for newspapers."

"Don't see how that can be."

"Why, you see, I have a private wire of my own to the baseball grounds."

Faith and Works.

When Prof. K. reached the rostrum for prayers he found his watch about two minutes slower and himself as much later than he expected.

Looking at his watch he exclaimed, "I shall have no faith in my watch after this!"

"It is not faith, but works, you need," was the quick response of Prof. J.—Harper's Magazine.

The Latest Fish Story.

A North Pomona man went up the canon on Sunday and fell into a big eddy, the water sweeping him down over the falls.

He was fished out by his friends, not hurt a bit, and when he felt in his pockets he found three trout, each 7 inches long.—San Francisco Bulletin.

DARBY AND JOAN.

A spring rain was falling gently, continuously, on Mrs. True's garden. The lately transplanted geraniums and petunias lifted their heads gratefully to the warm shower, and the fuchsias and sweet alyssum brightened under its influence.

If their mistress could have seen them, she, too, would have rejoiced, for the flowers were her children, petted darlings, for whom no care could be too great, no attention too painstaking. She had housed them in winter, set them out in summer, trimmed, guarded, hung over over them year after year.

Involuntarily one looked for her mild face at the window, smiling out upon them, but she was not to be seen. For the second time only in her life Mrs. True lay in her chamber, too ill to heed the pattering rain, or to think of the plants growing so fast in the sweet, moist air, even though, through the open window of her room, both sounds and scents entered freely, the peaceful sounds and healthful scents of the country.

It was very still in the room where she lay; very still and orderly. The old furniture was polished and speckless; the linen as white as snow; against the pillows, which had been a part of her bridal outfit, rested the gray head, still neatly cared for, and the face, with its pallor, still wore a look of kindly impatience.

At her side sat her husband, good Deacon True, with bowed head and sad eyes; and in his work-hardened hand he held her feeble one.

Presently a footstep sounded on the muddy sidewalk outside. Then the gate latch clicked. Someone walked up the path and tapped softly on the house door, and was as softly admitted.

But the two, with their faces turned toward each other, took no notice.

"How is she?" said the neighbor down stairs who had "dropped in."

"Failin'," answered Fidelia Perkins, the maid of all work, temporarily engaged for the emergency.

"How's he?"

"Fairly beat out with grievin'. Seems's if he hadn't no heart for eatin' or drinkin' or nothin'. Just settin' up there along o' her, and holdin' her hand. I never did see folks set sech store by each other as they do."

"Well, they haven't nobody else to set store by, you see," said the visitor, establishing herself by the fire, and holding out two substantial feet to the blaze.

"No, that's so," assented Fidelia, taking out her knitting. "Now you just make yourself comfortable, Mis' Clap. I'm real glad to see somebody. It's dreadful lonesome here. Jest those two still critters upstairs, and me and the cat downstairs, and nothin' on earth to do. Why, there ain't so much as a teaspoonful of dirt to clean up nowhere in the house. I never did see such housekeepin'."

"She was a master hand for cleanin'," said Mrs. Clapp, shaking her head thoughtfully, "and as I say, there warn't no children to make dirt."

"No, there warn't, but them plants is about as bad, to my thinkin,' cluttering up the place half the year, and havin' to trail around with a waterin' pot, and weedin' and stewin' over 'em the rest of the time. She took a sight of comfort in 'em, though."

"She was a real good woman, Mis' True was," sighed Mrs. Clapp, speaking already in the past tense.

"And he's a powerful good man."

"There ain't no better."

"Queer sech good folks hadn't a family."

"Well, they did have one child."

"Do tell? I never heard of it before. Boy or girl?"

"Boy, I believe; law, Mis' True was most tickled to death about it. She was as proud as an old hen with one chick, but it didn't last long. I was sent for to nurse her, and she was a dreadful sick woman, out of her head, just raving about that baby; goin' on about what she was meaning to do for it.

"She had it all planned out for a lifetime how she was a-goin' to rock him to sleep nights, and how, by and by, he was agoin' to set to the table in a high chair alongside of her, and, finally, how he was to take the farm and live with them always. My! she was ramblin' on so fast and a smiling away to herself, while the rest of us—me and the doctor and the deacon—was jest a-fightin' for that baby's life. And, at last, when she come to herself there warn't nothin' but a dead baby to shew her."

"Dear, dear! did she take on much?" said Fidelia, dropping her knitting in her lap.

"Take on? Well, not like some folks. She didn't screech nor cry; but she jest turned awful white, and her eyes got big and bad lookin'; it was enough to ha'nt you to see 'em, and she never said nothin' to me; jest moaned, and caught ahold of the deacon's coat sleeve as if she needed somethin' to comfort her. It did seem's if her heart was broke sure. She never had no more children."

"I guess that's why they've been so set on each other," mused Fidelia.

"Well, as to that, there ain't no tellin'. Some few folks are so—considerate and feelin'—but mighty few. Most married folk get tired of livin' together, or, at any rate, they appear so, to home. The deacon and Mis' True they's been like they was a'courtin' all these years. He's done all the chores for her that a mortal man could do, and she's been as sweet to him—well, as sweet as one of them doves a-cooin' away out there on the barn."

"Hark! What's that?" said Fidelia, holding up one hand, warningly.

It was only the sound of a weak voice, above, and a deeper voice trying to answer soothingly.

While the two women had talked the afternoon had waned. The rain seemed like fast falling tears. The flowers, some of them, were closing drowsily. The shadows were deepening. The light green foliage of a birch tree near the house looked gray in the twilight. Through the open chamber window above sounded the sleepy trill of a bird, safely snuggled in his nest under the young leaves.

Curiously enough this tender note alone had the power to rouse the dying woman. She had always been in close sympathy with all fair helpless things, flowers, young birds and infants. Now, in her extremity, this weak cry pierced to her heart and woke her.

"Where's the baby?" she whispered. "Why don't they bring the baby to me?"

She was living over again her only sickness. She fancied herself young once more, young and filled with a strange great happiness.

The years between had vanished. They were happy years, too, happier than most people enjoy, for her desires had been easily gratified, her ambitions were of the simplest kind.

To live within their small means; to lay aside a little each year; to keep the house immaculate and the flowers thriving; to know peaceful nights and quiet, uneventful days; to help a neighbor in trouble; to sit in the village church regularly on Sunday, and to be sure that the grass grew green and the white violets flourished over a certain small mound in the graveyard; these were the utmost limits of her hopes.

Her one great grief had grown to be a tender memory, and all the days since had been prosperous and serene, unclouded by one harsh look or word.

Now, suddenly, she was young again, a young wife in her new home, with all her humble household treasures new about her, and this thrill of expectation in her breast.

"Where's the baby? Why don't they bring the baby to me?" she repeated, eagerly.

Her husband leaned forward, pressing her hand in both of his.

"The baby?" he said; "what baby?" For him the sad present had swallowed up the past.

"Our baby," she whispered, with a look of rapture in her faded eyes.

"Oh, Lois!"

He bent his head still lower. That shadowy child of theirs seemed hardly more than a dream to him. He had never held it, or played with it, or talked to it in imagination, as she had.

"His name is Josiah, for you," continued the dying woman, trying to tighten her clasp of the hand holding hers, and looking earnestly up at him.

"He will be little Jo. Perhaps his eyes are like yours, and he will be a good man like you, I hope. We will teach him to be good, won't we?"

"Yes, yes, Lois."

"But why don't they bring him to me? I want so much to hold him, only once, for a little while. I won't keep him long. I want to feel his little hand on my face and kiss his little cheek. Please tell them to bring him."

"Hush, hush, Lois, dear."

"Perhaps they don't know where his clothes are. I laid them all ready in the top drawer of the bureau in the spare room, his little blue socks, and his shirt, and the white slip—they said he must wear slips at first, not dresses. Everything's ready. A boy, you said. Oh, do let me hold him now."

The old man groaned aloud and tried to quiet her, but without success. Out doors a wind was rising, a soft wind, fragrant with the bitter-sweet breath of blossoming peach trees. It sighed at the open window, and swept a branch of the birch tree against the upper panes.

The deacon tried to rise to close the glass, but she moved uneasily as if to sit up in bed. He put his arms out to support her. She hardly seemed to see or feel them. Slowly her face grew radiant with surprise and delight.

"Ah, you have brought him to me at last," she cried, with hands outstretched. "Quick, give him to me here, close to my heart. Oh, how dear, how beautiful he is. I had not thought he would be half so beautiful."

She held her arms as if they encircled a little form, and bent her face over them in tenderest mother fashion.

"My baby! my baby!" she whispered, then, with a sigh of utter content, sank back upon her pillows.

The women downstairs listened for the sound of voices to begin again, expecting to be summoned, but no such summons came.

Night and darkness fell in the garden and closed about the house. Fidelia put a lamp outside the chamber door and shut the door quietly. She glanced toward the bed where Mrs. True seemed to be asleep, her husband, with his face buried in the pillow, near her. She left all the necessary articles for the night and moved away with a noiseless step.

The hours went on slowly and silently. The stars shone out in the sky at last, while the flowers slept down in the shadows, and the little bird was gently rocked in his soft cradle. All was still in the house where children's feet had never pattered up and down, nor children's voices echoed.

When morning, calm and sunny, brightened the quiet room it showed the woman's face glorified with a smile of absolute peace. Who knows? Perhaps, indeed, her baby had been brought to her.

Beside her, white and wan in the sunshine, lay her faithful companion. Whether hearts do break or not, I cannot tell. Heaven, at least, had mercifully let them die together, quietly, as they lived.

TAMING A HUSBAND.

Timothy O'Brian's third wife was no sooner safely bestowed under the sod of consecrated ground than the comfortless widower began to search for a partner to make good her loss.

Such was, however, the unfortunate reputation which Tim had acquired, both for severity of temper and for tightness in holding the purse-strings, that no lady in the town of Swanville could be found sufficiently anxious for matrimonial felicity to unite her lot with his.

Timothy O'Brian was not a man to be easily discouraged, and if a wife was not to be found in Swanville, the world was wide and women were plenty elsewhere. He had occasion to go to Boston to procure supplies for the grocery from which he derived his support; and in Boston he found a lady to his mind who was not sufficiently acquainted with his peculiarities to reject his suit.

When O'Brian brought his bride home it will readily be supposed that the gossips of Swanville lost little time in making her acquaintance, and very little more in informing her of her husband's reputation.

Mrs. O'Brian smiled at all that was told her, tossing her head a little at the story of the beatings meekly received by the three former wives, and pursing up her lips as if to intimate that she, the fourth, had no notion whatever of submitting to any so ungallant conduct.

It was not very long before her fortitude was put to the test. The bride announced to her husband that it was highly becoming and proper that they make some return for the attentions shown them, and that she contemplated nothing less than a tea-party.

Surprise for a moment held O'Brian silent. Such an innovation was so astounding as fairly to deprive him of the power of speech. He quickly recovered it, however, and swore that he would be neither dictated to by his wife, nor ruined by her extravagance.

The lady, instead of attempting to allay the rising storm, did all in her power to provoke him still further; and it required not much to bring him to a towering rage. From words he was ready to pass to blows. Seizing a bamboo cane, which had probably served him for a similar purpose with each of his former helpmeets, he prepared to administer to his bride a sound castigation.

"Stop!" said the lady, producing a carving-knife and meditatively examining its edge. "It was not in the marriage contract that I should be flogged by you; nor do I intend to be. If we cannot live together, we'll separate, but you shall not strike me."

"Very well, very well," he returned, with an oath as long as his cane. "Pack up your things and be off then. You may have your tea-party in Boston."

Like the discreet woman she was, Mrs. O'Brian made no reply to this sally, but went quietly to work to gather such things about the house as belonged to her. Her possessions had been brought to Swanville in a huge trunk, large enough to contain a couple of men; and this she now opened to replace in it her goods.

Tim was like all penurious mortals, very suspicious, and he greatly feared lest his departing spouse should bear away with her more than she had brought. He therefore stood over the trunk to examine each article as it was put in.

The lady spread upon the bottom of the trunk some bedding. Tim stooped over to be sure by actual examination that it was all hers; and the lady took advantage of the movement to trip his heels and send him headlong into the trunk himself. Before he had fairly time to realize what had happened the lid was closed and locked over him.

The oaths which Tim O'Brian swore when he found himself fairly caged were enough to entail upon him a thousand years of purgatory at the very least if they did not send him to a worse place altogether. He raved, he roared, he attempted to break the lock, he struggled and fumed; but all to no purpose. The trunk was iron bound, and held its own staunchly.

"I shall smother," he yelled, with a kick at the trunk.

"Oh, no, love," replied his tender wife, "you will breathe through the key-hole. A funeral is more expensive than a tea-party, you know."

"I'll kill you when I get out, you Jezebel, you hag, you—"

"You are not out yet, dear," she interposed as he paused for a word sufficiently strong. "Don't excite yourself, love. I hope you won't be lonely, sweet, but I must get ready for my tea-party. Good by, darling Timmy."

Such creamy custards, such melting tarts, such spicy cake, as were that day concocted in the house of Mrs. Timothy O'Brian were for years a tradition in Swanville. Such brewing and baking, such compounding of dainties inviting to the eye and delightful to the palate, had certainly never before been known in the town.

Mrs. O'Brian proved herself a woman of energy, and fully equal to the occasion. Before the sun stood overhead the gossips had all been bidden to tea that afternoon, the preparations were well forward, and the lady had [illegible] ordered from the grocery to the house certain supplies which she had in vain asked of her husband.

The afternoon came and with it the gossips. The event of a tea party at Timothy O'Brian's was of sufficient importance to prevent the absence of any one; and in some mysterious way they felt that something was likely to occur of unusual interest.

The hostess met her guests smiling and serene. Never had she appeared more at her ease. The time passed quickly and pleasantly until tea time, when the ladies were ushered into the room where stood the great trunk.

"I know you will pardon me, ladies," the hostess said in her graceful, easy manner, "that I have gratified a whim of my own and used this trunk for a table. My grandmother had her wedding breakfast upon it, then my mother did the same to imitate her, and I like to keep up old customs. We will call this the bridal feast."

The guests expressed themselves charmed with so novel an idea, and in the highest spirits sat down to the bountiful meal provided for them.

The good cheer and fragrant tea soon loosened their tongues, and scandal and fun flowed freely. The hostess adroitly led the conversation to her husband, and there was not a scandal of his past life left undiscussed.

He heard more truth concerning himself in half an hour than ordinary men listen to in a lifetime. He endured it as long as it was possible for mortal patience to endure, and then turned angrily over in his trunk, swearing a mighty oath.

The gossips dropped their tea-cups in dismay.

"Be quiet, Timmy, love," Mrs. O'Brian said with the utmost coolness. "You rattle the dishes. You were saying, Mrs. Brown, that it was thought the beating Tim gave his second wife hastened her death."

"Mercy sakes alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown. "Is your husband in the trunk?"

"Certainly. Why shouldn't he be? Don't you ever find it necessary to discipline Mr. Brown?" asked Mrs. O'Brian, smiling.

"But Mr. O'Brian is such a—such a—"

"Such a brute!" the hostess calmly finished. "I know it. But he means to amend."

"I don't," said a voice from the trunk.

"Oh, I am sure you do, Timmy, love," returned his lady. "For I cannot let you out until you do, and you must be very tired and hungry by this time."

It is needless to relate the conversation which followed. Doubtless the entire female chorus urged upon the culprit the expediency and necessity of a suitable reform.

At any rate the unfortunate O'Brian was forced to capitulate, and by the time the ladies had finished their tea he was prepared to promise anything.

They released him, and welcomed his shamefaced reappearance in the light of day as the return of the prodigal. His limbs were stiff with long confinement, but when he had been fed with the remnants of the good things with which the gossips had been regaled, he was so far recovered as to comply with his wife's request to trim the open fire.

There upon the hearth lay the ends of his cane, as they had fallen down, the rest having been consumed.

A bully once thoroughly subdued, is generally the meekest of men, and ever after that day in his wife's trunk, Timothy was pointed out by all the ladies as a model husband. And when their own husbands proved refractory or captious, these dear creatures were accustomed to say to them:

"I should think you wanted to spend a day in Timothy O'Brian's wife's trunk!"

"PAERYDISE BILED DOWN!"

The Graphic Testimony of an Expert in the Connubial Line.

There was a bridal couple coming in on the Bay City train the other day, and the passengers in that particular car were on the grin most of the time over their antics.

The bride had got the man she loved, and she didn't care a copper who saw her pillow her head on his shoulder. The bridegroom had got a farm with his wife, and if he wanted to feed her gum-drops or squeeze her hand whose business was it?

A little old man, dried up and bald-headed, sat directly in front of the couple, and he looked around so often that the young husband finally explained:

"We're just married."

"I knowed it all the time," chuckled bald-head.

"And we can't help it, you know."

"No, you can't—I'll be darned if you kin!"

"I presume it all seems very silly to an old man like you," continued the husband.

"Does it? Does it?" cackled the old fellow as he bobbed around. "Well, you [illegible] —Detroit Free Press.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,
FRIDAY, - - - AUGUST 3, 1888.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
GROVER CLEVELAND, of N. Y.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
ALLEN G. THURMAN, of Ohio.

DEMOCRATIC STATE TICKET.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
H. B. McCOLLUM, of Susquehanna Co.
PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS
ELECTORS-AT-LARGE,
JON. R. MILTON SPEER, Huntingdon,
HON. JOHN M. KEATING, Allegheny,
DISTRICT ELECTORS.

Dist.		Dist.	
1	David W. Sellers	15	Alvin Day
2	Michael Magee	16	William Dent
3	A. H. Ladner	17	Russel James
4	Wm. J. Latta	18	H. H. Woodall
5	John Taylor	19	Herman Bosler
6	Franklin Walden	20	Wm. A. Garman
7	Geo. W. Fawling	21	William Maher
8	James Smith	22	John H. Bailey
9	Dan'l H. Schweyer	23	J. Huckenstein
10	W. B. Given	24	William P. Lantz
11	Charles Robinson	25	David S. Morris
12	J. B. Reynolds	26	Jas. H. Caldwell
13	Edw. J. Gaynor	27	S. T. Neill
14	Simon P. Light	28	J. L. Brown

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

FOR ASSEMBLY,
DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, of Johnstown.
JOHN S. RHEY, of Ebensburg.
FOR SHERIFF,
JOHN J. KINNEY, of Tunnelhill.
FOR POOR DIRECTOR,
JAMES A. WHARTON, of Clearfield township.
FOR JURY COMMISSIONER,
C. A. BUCK, of Carrolltown.

THE Democratic State Committee will meet at Harrisburg, August 20, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Auditor General.

THE noisy flopper, the one who flops and makes a parade of it, is not so dangerous as the quiet, independent voter, who after reading up the claims of both parties will quietly walk up to the polls and vote for the best interests of the whole people.

IT will puzzle Mr. Blaine, on his arrival in New York, to tell whether he will advocate the Chicago platform or go in with the Republicans of the Senate who are now tinkering with a tariff bill. The g. o. p. is in great straits these times and are straddling at everything.

HON. HENRY SMITH, of Wisconsin, the only member of Congress nominated by the Labor party and elected on a Labor platform, voted for the Mills bill, and his action excited much comment and attention all over the country. In a letter to the New York *Star*, he gives his reasons for voting as he did and in another column we give his letter, which will be found well worthy of perusal.

WE entirely agree with our conscientious contemporary—Carrolltown *News*—that it is about time Mr. Kinney, the Democratic candidate for sheriff of Cambria county, take cognizance of the charges of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Michael McBride. *Johnstown Tribune of July 30.*

As Mr. Kinney has taken cognizance of the charges in a very emphatic way, it will now be in order for the *Tribune* to produce its *esteemed* fellow-citizen, Michael McBride, and make good the charges, or hunt up another *esteemed* fellow-citizen to make a new charge. Charge! *Tribune*, Charge! On McBride, On.

BELOW will be found a card from Mr. John J. Kinney, the Democratic nominee for sheriff. To it is attached an affidavit of the truth of its contents which will effectually dispose of the infamous lies and charges that have been circulated against him. While no Democrat, and further no Republican who knows Mr. Kinney, ever believed there was any truth in the charges, Mr. Kinney has been called upon to vindicate himself by a Democratic newspaper, and he does it in no half way manner. It goes straight to the mark covers all the ground and explains itself.

To the Voters of Cambria County.

GALLITZIN, PA., July 30, 1888.

I had intended to make no reply to political slanders during the campaign, trusting to the good sense of my fellow citizens to discriminate between the false and the truth. I did not hope to escape the tongue of slander, nor to be treated more fairly than any other Democrat who becomes a candidate for public position. In common with personal and political friends, in whose judgment I relied, I believed that silence was the best answer to political slanders and senseless accusations, but the persistent statements of the Republican organs that one Michael McBride could and would make certain exposures of corrupt bargains with me, which would prevent me, if elected, from taking the oath of office, causes me to change my purpose and make a plain statement of denial of the truth of such charges. I was fully aware before I became a candidate of the terms of the oath of office which the Sheriff must take, and of the consequence of making any payments or promises to secure my nomination or election. To avoid any mistake and relieve any doubt, I now explicitly deny that I ever made any bargain with or promised to Michael McBride to pay him any money, or valuable thing, or to appoint him to any position to secure his withdrawal as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff, or to secure his influence or assistance in securing MY NOMINATION OR ELECTION; nor did I authorize any person for me, or in my name, to make such payment, or promise him appointment; and any allegation that I have in anywise done or committed any act which will prevent me from conscienciously taking the oath of office, if elected Sheriff of Cambria county, at the coming election, is utterly false, and I hereby challenge proof of the truth of all such charges and insinuations.

JOHN J. KINNEY.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, }
COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, } SS.

Before me, the subscriber, a Justice of the Peace in and for said county, personally came the above named John J. Kinney, who, upon oath, administered according to law, did depose and say that the above and foregoing statement is true and correct.

JOHN J. KINNEY.

Sworn and Subscribed before me this 30th day of July, A. D. 1888.
GEO. W. SHUMLER,
Justice of Peace. } [SEAL.]

THE Carrolltown *News* in an article published last week calls upon Mr. John J. Kinney, the Democratic nominee for sheriff to vindicate himself from the aspersions, charges and imputations of one Michael McBride, published sometime ago by the Johnstown *Tribune*. The *Vindicator* published at Gallitzin, Mr. Kinney's home, and also the FREEMAN, had already pronounced the charges false, but it seems that with the kind of friends of Mr. Kinney, that the editor of the *News* fell in with on his visit to Ebensburg, on Monday of last week, it requires something stronger to vindicate a Democratic candidate from the charges and imputations of a man of Mr. McBride's standing, especially when vouched for by the Johnstown *Tribune*.

The *News* says that the Democrats "of that section" demand a public expression of Mr. Kinney's "guilt or innocense." The fact that the leading Democrats "of that section" say that they heard no talk about the matter until the article published in the *News* was printed, coupled with the fact that part of the article was delivered extemporaneously on the steps of a grocery store in Ebensburg before its appearance in the *News*, by one of the aforesaid "friends" of Mr. Kinney,

"When whisky, not love, had got into his head,"

and the further fact that the Democrats "of that section" have been accustomed to seeing slanders of their own men, appear year after year in the *Tribune*, lead us to doubt the urgency of the demand from the Democrats "of that section."

The people "of that section" know the *Tribune* too well—they have seen it assail John Buck, James J. Thomas, D. A. Luther and Joseph A. Gray,—each in his turn has been the target for the *Tribune's* malevolent slanders, which never ceased while they were candidates, or until they stepped out of official position. Their vindication was at the polls, by the voters of Cambria county and John J. Kinney's vindication will come in November.

Fortunately for Mr. Kinney and the people "of that section," Michael McBride paid Carrolltown a visit last winter and his stay, though short, was long enough to enable the people "of that section" to discover him to be an impudent fraud of the first water, and as such the Carrolltown *News* at the time denounced him and the Johnstown *Tribune* gave the article currency by republishing and endorsing it.

The Democracy of Cambria county, by their verdict at the primaries have placed their faith in John J. Kinney's character and it will require something more reliable than the insinuations of Michael McBride or the Johnstown *Tribune* to shake it.

The *News* says "the Democratic county press from the depth of its humiliation demands an explanation." The *News* is not the entire Democratic county press and can only speak for itself; if Michael McBride and the *Tribune* have worried the *News* into despair and humiliation, it must be a source of gratification to Michael McBride that he has got even with the *News* for its aspersions on his character last winter. If the *News* did him injustice then, if it has since discovered that the rantings of Michael McBride are more worthy of consideration than the unimpeachable character of John J. Kinney, it should in the depths of its humiliation do the fair thing by apologizing to Michael McBride.

As far as the FREEMAN represents the Democratic county press, and unlike the *News* it only speaks for itself, it resents the imputation of humiliation at anything that Michael McBride or the Johnstown *Tribune* can do or say, and hurls back the insinuations that John J. Kinney was connected in any manner or form with a bargain or sale with McBride, as lies, in their teeth. If they have any letter or writing of Mr Kinney's, we challenge them to produce it. If McBride will make an affidavit controverting any fact in Mr. Kinney's statement published to-day, let him do it. A prosecution for perjury of either McBride or Kinney, will lay the matter bare before the voters of Cambria county at September Court, and Mr. Kinney by his statement gives them thier opportunity. We call on McBride and the *Tribune* to vindicate themselves. They have insinuated a slander that they dare not attempt to sustain.

THE Republican organs says the N. Y. *Post*, announces that J. H. Wade, "the richest man in the city of Cleveland," and "a director in the Cleveland rolling mills," who has been a Democrat, has come out for Harrison and Morton, on the tariff issue. Every such change srves to make it more plain that the Republican party has become the party of special interests, and is conducted for the advantage of the manufacturers, who "get practically the sole benefit of the tariff law."

IN one of its frantic appeals to the Republicans of the Senate the New York *Tribune* said last week: "The Senate has no reason for framing a [tariff] bill, unless it be a desire to make political capital." In the face of these strong words the Senate Republicans decided to frame and report a bill, and it is disclosed that one of the two reasons which led them to take this course was a belief that the party could make something by offering higher duties to cermanufacturers in the doubtful States.

WHEN it is remembered that the Senate at Washington, on Wednesday of last week, passed 127 private pension bills in fifty minutes, it will not be wondered at when President Cleveland comes to examine them he will find a number of them that should be vetoed. The bills are passed without any examination of their merits and nothing but the conscienscious regard of President Cleveland for the discharge of his duty, will prevent a number of frauds from living at the expense of the taxpayers.

THE Republicans says the Boston *Globe*, are still pinning their faith to Mr. Blaine, and hoping that when he lands from England he will raise a great boom for Harrison. But he can't. Blaine is a chestnut; he is powder that has been burned once, and will never burn again.

A Labor Congressman's Views.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, }
WASHINGTON, July 28. }

To the Editor of The Star:

SIR—In reply to yours of the 26th instant, requesting my reasons for voting for the Mills Tarriff bill, I answer as follows:

First—It is conceded by the representatives of the Democratic and Republican parties that the accumulation of a large surplus of money in the National Treasury is fraught with danger to the business interests of the country by withdrawing that medium from the channels of trade, which, if not stopped, will cause a panic and result in bankruptcy to a large extent. Being largely tinctured with the Greenback idea that money should be in circulation among the people and not cornered, and that money holds the same relationship to trade that a mechanic's tools do to the mechanic; that by taking the same from the mechanic will cripple his usefulness and ability in performing work and as the Mills bill held out inducements to stop this drain, and my Republican colleagues did not propose any measure to remedy the evil, I gave the bill my support.

Second—The bill proposes to place several articles on the free list that enter into the necessaries of life, such as lumber, salt, tin, wool and several others, and a slight reduction, not exceeding on an average 5 per cent. on articles entering largely in home consumption. Now, so far as free and cheap lumber is concerned, it ranks next to bread to the person who seeks to make a home on our great Western prairies, and no doubt it is the same in the East. Salt that—bountiful gift of nature—why tax that? Tinplate is not made in this country, and it enters so largely into our domestic uses and in canning the products of our country. Of wool we do not produce half enough for home consumption, even with all the so-called tariff stimulation. Why compel our people to pay for foreign made woolen goods, with a tariff tax added, when by permitting wool to enter our ports free, our manufacturers would be given a chance to provide us with homemade goods, and thereby give twice the amount of employment to wage workers? My personal experience has taught me that cheap raw material never reduced wages in a manufactory, but, on the contrary, it had the tendency to raise them.

Third—I do not believe that a nation can be made prosperous or happy by taxation, nor should a Republican form of government like ours exact from the people by taxation more than is actually required for an economical administration of public affairs. Again, a large accumulation of money in the Treasury breeds extravagance and becomes a factor of demoralization in many ways. It is in its action like malaria; it enters the system slyly until the whole body is poisoned. All taxation, of whatever kind or nature, rests upon the products of labor, for without labor wealth cannot be produced, and as the existence of civilized man rests ubon the products of the soil, it is of the highest importance that legislation should be framed so as to place the least possible burden upon the tiller of the soil, there by placing him in a position to aid his feilow laborer in the shop and factory by becoming a larger consumer of manufactured aaticles, and vice versa.

Again, I find that in those States that are supposed to receive the benfits of a protective tariff there is more dissatisfaction, strikes and lockouts than in States not so protected. There must be something wrong in our political machinery that has compelled the wage-worker and also the farmer to organize in associations for protection against extortion, abuse and wage reduction. It is a sad picture to look at, after a century of constitutional existence.

In conclusion I will say that between taking the tariff off the necessaries of life and the internal revenue tax off tobacco and whisky, I shall vote for the former every time I get a chance. Cheap tobacco and whisky means more demoralization and drunkenness, and I cannot give consent to such a measure. Very truly yours.

HENRY SMITH, M. C.

Effects of Republican Obstruction.

Interruptions in the operations of factories are said to be somewhat more numerous than is common at this season of the year, or than can be accounted for simply on the ground of the agitations of a Presidential canvass. The prolonged uncertainty about the business future, caused by the obstructive course of the Republicans in Congress, has induced timidity, and prevented manufactures in anticipation of future demand.

If it were known to-day that the Mills bill would become a law within a month, business conditions would speedily regulate themselves to the new statute, and our manufacturers and producers of all kinds would prepare to take advantage of the increased prosperity of which the country would be assured.

The Republicans vastly exaggerate the industrial uncertainty and depression, They are very foolish in doing so, because business men are no longer deceived by the feigned alarm of monopoly politicians, and ascribe existing conditions to their true cause.

A great ado has just been made over the discontinuance of work at hosiery mills in New Jersey. But interviews with the proprietors show that the reason for stopping or reducing was not political in the sense that the Republican managers pretend.

In the woolen industries and in many others the reduction or abolition of the duties on materials, as scheduled in the Mills bill, will more than compensate the industries for the diminution of rates on foreign finished goods. The margin for wages will remain the same, and the demand for workers will necessarily grow with increased manufacture.

It is proper to repeat this statement, for the reason that the sole purpose of the "scare" the Republicans are trying to get up is to frighten the employees of factories into joining Republican associations and pledging their support to the Republican ticket.

The Blaine politicians are aware that most manufacturers penetrate the falseness of their claims. But they have a low opinion of the intelligence of the employes, and believe that they can impose upon them by ascribing to the Mills bill a lack of employment which is entirely due to the unpatriotic course of the opponents of Democratic tax reform.

If taxation should not be diminished, and the accumulation of idle surplus should go on unchecked, then, indeed, would our industries have reason to fear a season of disaster. But let the money hoarded up in the Treasury away from the use of the people be released to its natural employment in trade and industry; let materials be rendered accessible at lesser cost, so as to enable us to take our proper part in competing for the South American and other desirable foreign trade, and then we will have abundant and steady employment at rising wages, and profitable commerce with great consuming nations whose business is now monopolized by England. *N. Y. Star.*

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, Druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Change the Balance of Trade

The official report of the exports and imports of the country for the year ending on the 30th of June, shows a balance of trade against this country of $28,000,000. That is, we imported or bought from foreign markets, 28,000,000 more than we exported or sold to foreign markets and the trade of the year leaves the United States $28,000,000 poorer than when the year began.

While we have exported $28,000,000 of gold from the country this year to pay the balance of trade against us, we have had free trade in cheap labor to the extent of importing 550,000 immigrants, some of whom are criminals and many of whom are Huns, Poles and Italians, who are fugitives from pauper labor abroad to cheapen and pauperize American labor in this country.

We must change the balance of trade in our favor or we must steadily decline in prosperity. The family that expends more each year than it earns, or that buys more than it sells, is steadily impoverishing itself, and the country that buys more than it sells must impoverish its industry and send its gold to pay the difference.

How can the balance of trade be changed in our favor? A judicious protective tariff is the proper and only remedy. We have a very high tariff; higher than any tariff ever framed as a distinctively protective tariff, but it only taxes and oppresses industry while it gives our home markets to foreign mills and labor. The woolen goods alone imported last year, if manufactured at home as they should be, would have changed the balance of trade from $28,000,000 against us to at least $20,000,000 in our favor, and the present English manufacture for the American market is the largest ever known.

Why have not these woolens been supplied by home mills and home labor? To that question there is only one answer. The answer is that England gives free wool, free chemicals, free dye stuffs, etc., to her woolen manufactories, while we tax our home mills and labor 41 per cent. for raw wool with high taxes on other raw materials. Thus with a tax of some 60 per cent. imposed upon the consumers of woolen goods, we largely pay that oppressive tax for the privilege of wearing English woolens and making the balance of trade against us.

There must be something radically wrong with our tariff laws when, with bountiful crops and no abnormal depression of trade, we import more than we export—that is buy more than we sell. The first purpose of a protective tariff is to build up home industries to supply home markets and keep the balance of trade in our favor; but we overtax consumers by a mockery of protection, and give European mills and labor a large share of our markets by the suicidal taxes imposed upon the raw materials needed to prosper our industries.

We must change the balance of trade in our favor, and the way to do it is to abolish taxes upon the necessaries of industry and of life and give our home mills and labor our own home markets with a chance for the markets of the world. Let us get down to honest protection to labor and at once stop the protection of extortionate combines and monopolies, and our labor will have increased employment at better wages, capital will be better rewarded and the balance of trade will be in our favor.—*Phila. Times*

When Blaine Comes Over.

Mr. James G. Blaine will sail on the magnificent new steamship, City, of New York on August 1. The great ship will probably give the great man less time for ocean meditations than any other craft on which he might have taken passage, for it is expected that the voyage will be done in six days. Still the world was made in that time, and Mr. Blaine will have a good deal to think of if his surroundings are anything of an object lesson to him.

He sails on the grandest ship that ever undertook to share the regular ocean trade. It is owned by an American company. It cost about a million of American dollars. The first question Mr. Blaine may ponder on is this: Why was not such a ship owned by Americans, supported mainly by rich American passengers, built in America?

Why did not a portion of the million go into the pockets of American workingmen? Why did not another portion of it go to American engineers, to American millowners, to American lumbermen, to American decorators and to American ship chandlers? In short, why was that million taken from this country and spent in England? When Mr. Blaine goes on board he will walk on a deck made in Glasgow. He will go down to his luxurious stateroom decorated by a firm in London. He will lie down in a bunk, the furnishings of which come from Manchester. He will eat what meals he takes on English Worcester ware. He will cut his steak with Sheffield cutlery. Everything he does, everything he sees, those six days should remind him of the iniquitous laws that make the building of such a ship an impossibility in America. Mr Blaine, himself, stands at the head of the party which says that rather than allow a cent of the tax that prevented that million being spent where it rightfully belonged, they will give us—what? Free whisky.—*Detroit Free Press*

Governor Porter Declines.

The refusal of Governor Porter, of Indiana, to accept the nomination of his party for the executive office this year has spread consternation among the Republicans not only in that State, but throughout the conntry. The managers relied on ex-Governor Porter to carry the party to victory, and his positive and peremptory refusal leaves them without a shadow of hope.

Of course the effort will be made to show that this declination of Governor Porter is not the result of disappointment with the work of the Chicago Convention or dissatisfaction with the arrangements that have been made to conduct the canvass in the interest of Harrison. But such attempts will signally fail. Governor Porter, though he placed Harrison's name before the convention, was outspoken in his preferences for Gresham, while the free-whisky plank in the platform is positively obnoxious to him.

This is only the beginning of the Republican troubles, and from this time until the close of the campaign they will follow each other in quick succession. But after this event subsequent disappointments will be unimportant.

This action on the part of Porter loses the State of Indiana beyond a doubt, and without the vote of that State for Harrison the G. O. P. is without a ghost of chance for success. Governor Porter's declination is the death-knell of the Republican party.—*Phila. Herald.*

A Woman's Discovery.

"Another wonderful discovery has been made and that too by a lady in this county. Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She bought of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and was so much relieved on taking first dose that she slept all night and with one bottle has been miraculously cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus write W. C. Hamrick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Get a free trial bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

THE Centennial exhibition has been formerly opened at Melbourne, Australia.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTING

—A woman dentist in Philadelphia is reported to have a practice of $11,000 a year.

—Ella Butler, a colored girl 18 years old, died the other day at Haddenfield, N. J., and her coffin had to be just 6 feet 8 inches long.

—Eggs covered with meal or meal bran will keep fresh much longer. They should be kept in a cool place. The meal can be fed to some animals afterward.

—At Munich, on Tuesday during a procession of 10,000 people in honor of King Ludwig I, a group of elephants became frightened, dashed into the crowd, and injured many persons.

—Ernest Williams, a small boy of West Carlisle, near Newcomerstown, O., was fooling with a loaded revolver, last Saturday, and shot himself in the breast, inflicting a fatal wound.

—B. F. Toothaker, a Lisbon, Me., farmer, was stung on the knee a few days ago by a bee. Inflammation has now set in, impairing the action of the heart, and his condition is considered very critical.

—A negro woman was killed by lightning the other day down in Georgia, while smoking a pipe, and now other colored folk down there are firmer than ever in the faith that pipes "draw lightning."

—George A. Hart and his little daughter, Cora, were buried in the same casket and the same grave at Erie, last Saturday. He was stricken with malaria and died and his daughter died of nervous prostration.

—A British vessel is now surveying a route between Australia and Canada, preliminary to laying a telegraphic cable. This cable will be 7,500 miles long, and the work of laying the cable will take three years.

—Perhaps the oldest railroad engineer in the country in length of service is Benjamin Hafner, who has been employed by the Erie road for 47 years. In all that time no train in his charge has met with a serious accident.

—The paper money of Chili is so depreciated in value that a guest at a hotel ordinarily pays $600 a day for his accommodation. At one time only a few years ago calico sold for $2,000 a yard in these depreciated bills.

—Charles T. Smith, of Boston, was instantly killed at Willimantic, at the Hooker House on Sunday morning, while trying to take himself up on the elevator. His head caught under the first floor, threw him down and crushed him between the floor and the elevator.

—Robert W. Deal, who had gained local and National renown by nightly making his bed in a coffin in an undertaker's establishment, in Philadelphia, for the last twenty years, was Sunday last laid in his peculiar couch for the long, last sleep. He was fifty-three years old.

—The Yomood Turkomans in the Askabab district Persia are in a state of revolt. They have raided several villages, plundering the houses and killing many of the inhabitants. The troops are powerless to suppress them. The shops in Askabab are closed, and trade is at a standstill.

—Vinda Thomas, of Rockdale, Crawford county, went to a field last Saturday in search of a horse. Not returning for quite a while, search was made for him and he was found lying dead under the horse in a swamp. It is supposed he was trying to raise the animal which had become swamped when it fell on him.

—Conductor Pat Lester and three brakemen of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, were poisoned at breakfast in West Cairo, Ill., Sunday morning, it is supposed by some drug accidentally put in their coffee. They are in the Sisters' Hospital in a critical condition. The atteding physicians fear their lives cannot be saved.

—A. G. Drake, of Palatka, Fla., has a vest that was worn by his grandfather, Albrittain Drake, during the Revolutionary War. It is made of cotton homespun, with gourd buttons, and measures 60 inches around the bottom, ample confirmation of the family tradition that the Revolutionary ancestor weighed 362 pounds.

—Edgar Hilman, of Bucks county, was in Philadelphia on Thursday of last week, where he bought a peach. He forgot to take out his false teeth, and when biting the fruit he dislodged the teeth, which went into his throat and lodged there. He would have choked to death if a policeman had not pounded him on the back.

—Mary Lowe, an aged negress, was found dead on the banks of the "Punch Hole," a small fishing pond, near Seary, Ga., the other morning. When she was found her hand still retained its hold on her fishing rod and a worm wriggled on her hook. It is supposed that her death resulted from an attack of heart disease, to which she was subject.

—John E. Bartel, a retired brewer of Gettysburg, committed suicide while in bed at his residence, on Thursday of last week. The family heard the report of a pistol, and on going to his room found him lying dead with a pistol wound just above the right ear and a revolver by his side. He had been acting strangely for seveal days. He was about sixty-two years old.

—On last Monday afternoon Mrs. Patrick McLaughlin, of McKeesport, attempted to start the kitchen fire with carbon oil. In an instant she was wrapped in flames and was terribly burned. Physicians thought she could not recover. Mrs. McLaughlin's infant child was sitting in the next room, but was dragged out in time to save its life. The house was burned to the ground.

—A Deputy United States Marshal, accompanied by several assistants, arrived at Columbus, O., a few nights ago, having in charge nine Indians of the Apache tribe convicted of murder and sentenced to terms in the Ohio Penitentiary ranging from five years to ten. They had been so securely shackled that it was necessary to obtain the services of the prison blacksmith to file the rivets off their irons.

—The latest Jersey swindle is that of the man who advertised for "two young men to pose for an artist," and required each applicant for the paying position to send 25 cents for "seven photographs of the positions he must practice." Needless to say, the pictures never came, and two or three hundred tender young things have had a rude shock to their confidence in mankind, while one is several dollars the better for his little game.

—A dispatch from Vancouver, B. C., says: The Canadian Pacific steamship Aberdeen, from Yokohama, brings 534 Chinese, of whom 427 are for San Francisco. The cargo contains 1,300 tons of tea. The cholera continues to prevail at Hong Kong. There is a rumor of a change in the Japanese Cabinet, and a new Minister to England will be appointed. It is reported that the King of Corea will prohibit the preaching of Christianity by missionaries.

—Howard Seely, author of "A Ranchman's Stories" and "A Nymph of the West," uses a human skull for an inkstand. It is a woman's—that of a Mexican senorita of great beauty. Messrs. Tiffany & Co., recently fitted it with silver eye-lids which open by a spring concealed in the jaw, thereby disclosing two ink-wells fitted in the orbits of the eyes. The top of the skull opens on a hinge and reveals a box for pens. Voltaire is said to have had a skull made into a jewel casket, Byron had a huge one turned into a drinking cup, and Paul du Chaillu possessed one which he rubbed with phosphorus to frighten the blacks of Central Africa. But Mr. Seely applies his skull to literary purposes.

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—At a Scandinavian celebration at Lake Vadnais, Minn., on Sunday, a man named Oleson was struck on the back of the neck with a club by one of a gang of "fakirs" and instantly killed. Another of the gang disemboweled a carpenter named Johnson with a dirk, and stabbed, it is thought fatally, two Scandinavians whose name could not be ascertained. Jim Donovan, a desperate character, has been arrested, and deputy sheriffs are hotly searching for the other murderers.

—When John Burgess left his home on Monday morning in Chicago he little dreamed what a close call for his life he was to have before he reached his place of employment. He had got as far as 164 Clark street, and was walking rapidly along the sidewalk, when a large fragment of rock fell from the fifth story. The stone grazed his forehead, striking the brim of his hat and knocking it off. It struck one of his feet, smashing that member to a jelly. The stone weighed fifty pounds. Burgess was taken to the hospital. No one could explain how the fragment became detached from the building.

—Four thousand blanketed Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Delawares were at the Anadarke agency, Indian Teritory, last week to get their rations when the total eclipse of the moon occurred. The savages were filled with alarm and became very demonstrative. The principal cuief ordered them to shoot at the "evil thing trying to harm the moon," and the entire force of Indians opened fire in the air, keeping up the shooting for upward of an hour and until they were out of ammunition. When the moon appeared in full after the eclipse, wild whoops went up for what they believed to have been their victory.

—While laborers were engaged in excavating for a new building in East Dubuque, Iowa, on Tuesday, they came upon a number of skeletons, all of grown persons. One of the skulls had a bullet-hole through it. A quarter of a century ago the site was occupied by a frame boarding house, and old settlers remember stories of mysterious disappearances of strangers about that time. All the bones found were those of middle-aged men. The parties who kept the house at the time have long since disappeared. Further search is being made. It looks as if another Bender tragedy had been enacted there in early days.

—A boy was born in Baltimore the other day whose great-great-grandmother is alive and, for all the world knows, may be rocking the youngster's cradle at this moment. His mother is only 18 years old, his grand mother is 44 and his great-grandmother about 30 years older. The great-great-grandmother was born in 1786, but she enjoys the use of her mental faculties yet. Twenty-five years ago she was in danger of death and was partially blind, but, passing through the crisis safely, she received her second sight and now enjoys excellent health. She frequently feeds the chickens on the farm where she lives and walks about the fields unattended.

—A physician got on a train at Quakertown, Pa., taking with him a quantity of ether, which he intended to use while performing a surgical operation at another place. He had not gone very far, however, before the bottle containing it exploded, and the car was soon filled with the escaping vapor. A rush for the doors was thereupon made by the startled passengers, but those who were unable to get on the platforms, it is reported, were visibly affected by the ether and became remarkably hilarious, so much so, in fact, that they acted as if intoxicated. The influence of the drug, of course, soon wore off and quiet was restored.

—A terrible fate befell Miss Nellie Gibson at Erie, Pa., as she was returning from a pic-nic one day last week. She and her escort, Mr. John Brown, were seated in a buggy on their way home from Massassauga Point. Meeting a hack, the driver, Charles Murray, took the wrong side of the road and ran into Brown's buggy. The pole of the hack struck Miss Gibson in the abdomen, almost disemboweling her. The young lady lingered in great agony until last night, when she died. She made an ante-mortem statement, upon which Murray was arrested and charged with manslaughter. The deceased was an estimable young woman, of fine family.

—Eugene Zenzius, a young married man, of St. Paul, Minn., who has been at Indianapolis, Ind., some weeks with his wife, attended prayer meeting services at Meridian street church last Friday night, and upon entering was handed a hymn book by one of the ushers, and took part in the services. Suddenly leaving the room, he entered a class room adjoining, and a moment later the congregation was startled by his groans. Going into the room Zenzius was found dying from the effects of carbolic acid, which he had drunk from a bottle that lay by his side. He was in terrible agony, and died in a few moments. He was despondent because he was out of work.

—Two weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, a happy couple, were enjoying their wedding trip at Lake Sunapee, N. H. They were last seen in their boat. Beyond a parasol lying in the boat not a vestige of clothing or clue of any kind could be obtained. Meanwhile many rumors have been afloat as to the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, There were nearly as many rumors as people, but the majority seemed to believe the couple were drowned. The lake has been dragged repeatedly, and everything done to try and throw light on the mystery, and now when search was nearly abandoned the bodies have been recovered by a diver. From the position in which they were found it would appear that the husband had struggled long and bravely to save his wife, for his arms were clasped tightly about her. The gold watch which he carried had stopped at 11:45.

—John L. Sullivna's circus venture has come to grief. Saturday night he failed to show up in Boston, and was off on a grand old drunk. Treasurer Gray also disappeared. The thirty employes have had no salary for three weeks, and enough money was not taken in the last seven days to pay for feed to the animals. There is a great muddle on the grounds. The wagon and tent belong to Mr. Holmes, of New York, who let them to Dorris, who lately sold out to Sullivan. He has police on the spot looking to the safety of his property, which has been attached by seven different parties, including employes, hotel keepers, provision men, and Stickney, the bareback man. The men are sleeping on the grounds, and each party is watching each other to see that nothing is moved. In the meantime there is no food for men or horses and Sullivan can't be found. People in the neighborhood are sending provisions to the employes.

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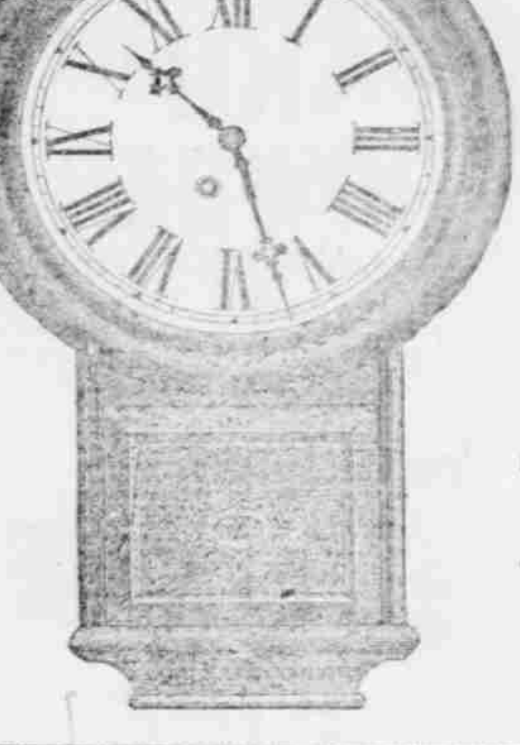

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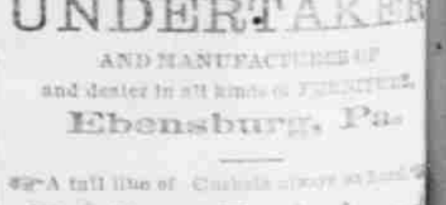

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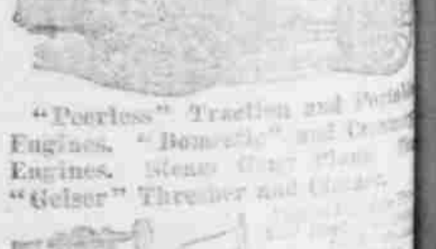

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LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Indiana's new jail is almost ready for occupancy.

—The huckleberry crop is said to be a failure this year.

—D. G. Myers, Esq., of Ashville, was in town on Monday.

—Maple Park Springs had two hundred guests on Sunday last.

—Mr. William Denny, of Gallitzin, visited our town on Wednesday.

—Messrs. Abel Lloyd and I. Lilly took a trip to Johnstown on Saturday last.

—Mr. Richard Evans, of Cambria township, is lying seriously ill at his home.

—Miss Nora Jones, of Johnstown, is visiting her many friends in this place.

—A room in the basement of the Blair House is being fitted up for a barber shop.

—[illegible] campmeeting, which is held at Wilmore, will commence on Sunday next.

—The Catholics of Ashville and vicinity intend building a church in that enterprising town.

—Mrs. John Bender, of this place, is visiting her daughter Mrs. Malinda Byrne, in Altoona.

—Mrs. Margaret Henry, of this place, is in Tyrone, attending at the sick bed of her son, Oliver.

—Rev. Alexander Jackson, of Pittsburgh, is the guest of Dr. T. Mason Richards, in this place.

—According to a late census taken of Tyrone, the population of that town is now [illegible] souls.

—A telephone line between Brown & Kimpel's livery stable and the Belmont House is being erected.

—The *Herald* of this place is sweet seventeen, having entered on its seventeenth year last week.

—Mrs. Susan Ebey, of this place, was [illegible] years old on Wednesday. Mrs. Plank was [illegible] on Tuesday.

—It is perfectly proper to carve out your own fortune, but you should not chisel other people in doing it.

—Mr. J. B. Denny, has just opened a pool and billiard parlor on Centre street, next door to Gant's barber shop.

—William, son of Mr. Jacob Glass, of Johnstown, died on Thursday evening of last week, aged seventeen years.

—Mr. R. T. Shields, of Altoona, spent a few hours in town to-day (Thursday) calling around to see his many friends.

—Mr. Robert Cassidy, formerly of Altoona has opened out a shoemaker shop on High street, opposite the postoffice.

—Mr. E. B. Creswell on Monday last commenced work on the telephone line between Ebensburg and Carrolltown.

—Mrs. Ella Plank and children, of Christiana, are visiting Mrs. Plank's mother, Mrs. Edward Roberts, of this place.

—The observation car now runs between Altoona and Cresson, going up on Pacific express and returning on day express.

—The new telephone company has rented the room now occupied by John Gant as a barber shop, on High street, for an office.

—To get rid of the smell of oil paint plunge a handful of clay into a pail full of water and let it stand in the room newly painted.

—The Eclipse ball club played a game with a club from Maple Park on Thursday of last week and got left by a score of 19 to 21.

—Mrs. Clinton Jones and her three daughters, of Portland, Maine, are visiting Mrs. Jones' father-in-law, Judge Jones, of this place.

—Mr. Fred. [illegible], a guest at Maple Park, while playing base ball on Monday last, had the misfortune to sprain one of his ankles.

—Milton McGeary, a young farmer, residing near Slate Lick, Armstrong county, last week, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

—Wanted at McDonald's store, Loretto, Pa., 500 pounds good, clean, dry wool for which the highest price will be paid. Cash paid if desired.

—During the month of June the P. R. R. relief fund paid out $[illegible] for death benefits; $[illegible] for accident, and $[illegible] for sick benefits.

—Mr. David J. Jones, of Johnstown, formerly of Ebensburg was in town to-day (Thursday) in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. A. A. Barker.

—Mr. [illegible] McPike, of Pittsburgh, who is a compositor on the *Leader* of that city, is spending a few days visiting his many friends in this place.

—The Westmoreland County Fair will be held in Greensburg this year on the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st of September—one month earlier than heretofore.

—Miss Dora Sterns, an accomplished young lady of Washington, D. C., and who is a niece of the Hon. A. A. Barker, of Ebensburg, is visiting relatives in this place.

—Silas Cobaugh, of Johnstown, was brought to jail on Friday evening on a thirty days's sentence for stealing about twenty feet of iron pipe and selling it for junk.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—A certain young gentleman of this place should not indulge in embracing so publicly [illegible] witnessed by a certain party the other evening not a thousand miles from Main street.

—Mr. Edward W. Humphreys, of this place, had a stroke of paralysis on Sunday night. We understand he is slowly recovering and we hope that he may soon be able to be about again.

—The report is circulated here that the extension of the Beech Creek railroad up the river is a sure thing and work on the same will be commenced in a short time.—*Cherrytree Record.*

—In making wine from blackberries or huckleberries, two pounds of sugar is enough at first. Add a half pound to the gallon after fermentation and when about to bottle finally.

—Messrs. Eckenrode & Hoppel, of Carrolltown, have extended the front to their store-room upwards, and the nobby sign on the addition gives their business house a handsome appearance.

—Saturday night a large saw mill owned by Bowman Foresman & Co., and Williams & Foreman of Williamsport was destroyed by fire. Loss $40,000, insurance $16,000. The mill will be rebuilt.

—A Cleveland and Thurman Association will be organized in this place on Saturday evening, August 11th, 1888. Place of meeting will be made known in next week's paper. Everybody invited to attend.

—In a single town out in Minnesota there have been gathered in within a fortnight 600 bushels of grasshoppers. As, under the new bounty law of that State, $1 a bushel is paid out of the county treasury for dead grasshoppers, this harvest means $600 for the enterprising grasshopper hunters. This is considerably more profitable than raising wheat and corn at present prices.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

PEOPLE shopping in Gable & Co.'s store the next few days will find in their Dress Goods department some Special Bargains at 25c. per yard. We are closing out some $1 Dress Goods at 60c.

NO FAVORITISM.

—Mrs. Isaac Davis, of this place, was taken suddenly ill with a paralytic stroke on Sunday evening of last week while in attendance at church. She was taken to her home and is we are informed recovering.

—Harry Anderson, a prominent farmer of near Lycippus, Westmoreland county, was astonished the other evening to find that a heifer owned by him had given birth to three ordinary-sized calves. All are alive and doing well.

—Reports from all over Centre county, as well as the counties of Blair, Clearfield, Huntingdon, Clinton, and Mifflin, show the yield of the present grain crop to be almost unparalleled. The fruit crop will also be immense.

—A dentist of alleged skill and reputation, a former President of a State Dental Association, was recently sued by a Bedford man for pulling the wrong tooth and a piece of jaw with it, and the jury gave the plaintiff $500 damages.

—Put away blankets and woolens with bags of smoking tobacco, or tobacco of any sort, distributed among them, and moths will not molest the goods. We prefer tobacco in bags because it prevents trash and imparts an agreeable smell.

—Flora Stipoliski, a young woman about twenty years of age, who resides with her mother, a widow, in Croyle township, has been mentally unbalanced for some time and on Friday last, she was taken to Dixmont asylum by her friends.

—Richard Griffith, a former resident of this place and a brother of Ex-Sheriff Griffith, died at his home in West Newton, Westmoreland county, on Monday. The deceased was fifty-five years of age and leaves a wife and three children.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* is out this week in a new form, with new type and presents an attractive appearance. It is considerably enlarged having eight pages and forty-eight columns and its patrons should appreciate the enterprise of its publisher.

—Telegraph-Operator Graham, of Punxsutawney, aged thirty-five, eloped Sunday night with Miss Norton, daughter of C. E. Norton, an heiress, aged nineteen. They drove, and were pursued, via Indiana, to Blairsville Intersection, where all trace was lost.

—Benjamin Wentzel, who was playing hostler at the Central House in this place for a short time, was arrested on Thursday of last week for stealing a suit of clothes and a revolver from a boarding house at Lilly, where he was working before he came to Ebensburg.

—While quarreling as to the ownership of a knife, Peter Brenner plunged the instrument into Frank Hedge's neck and arm at Huntingdon, last Thursday. After slashing him with the knife Brenner knocked Hedge down with a stone. Hedge's injuries are probably fatal.

—Michael McNamara, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, by the breaking and coming together of the train on which he was working, at Gallitzin on Sunday night, had his right leg caught between the cars and was severely injured. He was brought to the Almshouse on Monday.

—Harold G., infant son of J. E. and Sallie Shaffer, died on Thursday afternoon at half past 3 o'clock, aged 4 months and 17 days. The funeral will take place this afternoon at half past 3 o'clock from the parent's residence, No. 947 Seventeenth street. Interment in Fairview cemetery. —*Altoona Tribune, Saturday.*

—A large frame boarding house in the new town of Moxham took fire on last Saturday evening and in a short time burned to the ground. The fire originated on the attic by the explosion of a lamp that Mr. Oliver Spangler, the owner, accidently let fall. The loss is estimated at $5,000 upon which there was an insurance of $3,800.

—A well which was drilled for gas on the Work House property, at Claremont, Allegheny county, developed into a full-fledged oil well on last Monday. The oil was struck at a depth of 2,000 feet. Parties who own property in that vicinity are making preparations to develop the extent of new field by putting a number of other wells down.

—During the first five months of the present year 2,271 miles of main track have been laid in the United States, as compared with 2,251 during the same period of last year. More miles of railroad were laid in 1887 than during any previous year in the history of the country, but it looks as if 1888 will come up to it if it does not surpass it.

—Mr. William Williams, a member of the Chicago Board of Trade and one of the solid citizens of Chicago is spending a few days in town among the friends of his youth. He is a son of John Williams, plasterer, who resided a few years ago about a mile west of town. On Saturday he will sail from New York with a party of friends on a trip to Europe.

—John Barber, a farmer residing in the northern part of Westmoreland county, had a thrilling experience and a narrow escape from a terrible death some days ago. He was thrown on the cutting-bar of a mowing machine, but managed to save his life with the loss of one finger, which was completely cut off, and another almost severed from his hand.

—It is perhaps not generally known, but nevertheless it is a fact, that the law forbids any pensioner bargaining, promising or selling his quarterly pension before it becomes due; and on the other hand, all persons are forbidden to accept the same in any manner, as security or otherwise. The fine is fixed at $100 for any violation of the act, and is equal upon the soldier and dealer.

—John August Berlinsky, who with his son, travels through the country fixing clocks, watches, etc., while at East Conemaugh on Wednesday night of last week, got on the railroad tracks and was knocked down by an empty engine and his right arm ground off by the wheels. His arm was afterwards amputated at the shoulder, and on Thursday he was brought to the Almshouse.

—An editor is a man who is liable to grammatical blunder, toothache, typographical errors and loss of memory; and usually he has ninety-seven people watching to catch him tripping. He is a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief and poverty, and frequently liable to go ragged, hungry and dry for a very long period. And yet the woods is full of people who would like to be editors.

—A scientific exchange says: "The habit of gum chewing in this country is producing a race of hollow cheeked young women. The constant exercise of the masseter muscles hardens it and removes the fatty covering that conduces to roundness. Not only is the fullness of the cheek destroyed but there is a tendency to wrinkle the skin, a natural result of the falling away of the parts beneath it."

—Michael Smith *alias* Jacob Feulcha was brought to jail on Friday last, charged with robbing the money drawer of a saloon in Minersville.

—A man from Coalport, whose name we did not learn, arrived in the city on Friday morning says the Altoona *Times*, from Coalport. In the afternoon he bought a ticket for New York, placed it in his pocket-book and put it in his pocket. A short time after he went into a saloon to get a drink, and when he came to pay for it he discovered that the pocket-book, containing $30 in money and his ticket, had been stolen or lost.

—All the employes of the Bellefonte nail works are on a strike, which began on Tuesday, every department being now shut down. It was caused by a reduction of 57 cents a day in the wages of firemen. The heaters have been out for two weeks, and, when the reduction on Tuesday was announced, all the men at the works went out and the mills were closed. About two hundred men are thus thrown out of employment.

—While an East-bound freight train was passing over a switch near the Y at Cresson on Monday morning, one car left the track and struck a West-bound freight train that was passing at the time and was the cause of thirteen cars and two engines being wrecked. Fireman J. C. Kochendorfer had his right arm sprained and was cut and scratched about the head, and a brakeman had a narrow escape, but luckily no person was seriously injured.

—While J. S. Lewis was harvesting last week on the old homestead, in Cherryhill township, he captured a land turtle on which was cut "Wm. Lewis, Sept., 1860." William Lewis was a brother of J. S. He went to the war in 1862, joining Company E Seventy-sixth Regiment. He died in Fortress Monroe in 1864. For twenty-eight years the little turtle has been carrying his name. The letters and figures are yet very plainly read.—*Indiana Times.*

—Mr. Anthony W. Glasser starts to-morrow (Tuesday) for his home in Carrolltown, on a two weeks' visit to his parents, and when he returns it will be to take a position which he has secured in the store of Woolf, Son & Thomas as salesman. Mr. Glasser has a large acquaintance in the north of the county and along the railroad, is a popular young gentleman beside, and will no doubt prove a valuable acquisition to his new employers.—*Johnstown Tribune.*

—Miss Naomi Owens, of Peelorsville, undertook to get out of this wicked world by the laudanum route, on Wednesday night of last week. She was found lying insensible on the street, taken to the house of her brother-in-law and a physician summoned who administered an emetic, and after careful attention succeeded in restoring the young women to consciousness. She is about eighteen years of age, and unrequited love is said to have been the cause of her rash act.

—The flouring mill owned by Captain Healy, situated on the Conemaugh River, on the outskirts of Blairsville, was burned to the ground early on last Friday morning. Captain Healy's loss will be about $6,500. The mill was leased to Frank Flodley, of Freeport, who had recently put in considerable new machinery, which was badly damaged. He also loses eleven thousand bushels of wheat, eight hundred bushels of corn, etc. The fire company saved a number of frame buildings adjoining the mill from burning.

—The following named persons can each obtain a letter by calling at the Ebensburg postoffice: Mr. Thomas Williams, Jr., A. R. Wahl, Mr. L. Thayer, Mr. Jas. P. Reynolds, Mr. William Richards, Mrs. A. L. Schultz (3), Miss Martha McKee, Geo. Litzinger, Esq., Mr. William Lance, J. T. Haworth, Esq., Miss Maggie Hughes, Miss Maggie A. Hughes, Messrs. Jones, Bro.'s, Mr. Frank Joles, Mr. W. W. Empfield, Miss Annie M. Davis, Miss. Mary J. Clms, Miss Maggie E. Davis. Persons calling for these letters will please state they were advertised.

—An act passed at the last session of the Legislature reduced the compensation of county auditors from $5 to $3 per day. In several parts of the State the auditors took the position that the new act could not be enforced because the Legislature had neglected to repeal the old law. It is said that the courts have sustained this position. The auditors of this county, who were paid for their services at the $3 rate, appeared before the commissioners on Monday and asked for the additional $2 per day. After consulting with their legal adviser the commissioners decided to pay the claim and issued to each auditor a check for $37.—*Bedford Gazette.*

—"Romey" Bracken, of Jackson township, served two days as a hostler at the Central House in this place, last week, and what he didn't know about horses was not worth knowing. In fact he knew too much, for on Sunday Constable Rowland, of Blacklick township, armed with a warrant, arrested him and located him in jail. Some time last April, Bracken hired a horse in Clearfield county and took it to Johnstown, where he disposed of it, and since that time he has been living a sort of a retired life. We understand the owner of the horse got the animal back some time ago, but until Sunday last the minions of the law were unable to get their hands on Bracken.

—In a decision handed down last Saturday, Judge Albright, of Allentown, held that constables are entitled to pay for visiting saloons as required by the Brooks High License law. The act compels all constables to visit hotels and saloons once a month and report violations of the law, but does not make provision for paying the officers for this extra service. Some time ago the constables of Lehigh county decided to bring a test case to recover mileage and fees, and the Court decided that for the services imposed under the act constables are entitled to twenty cents for each visit to a restaurant or hotel, and mileage, the same as is allowed for serving summonses. This will be good news for the constables, and is certainly no more than fair.

—The report was sent to this place on Thursday of last week that a married woman named Mrs. Long, residing at Spruce Creek, had attempted to drown her little babe in the Juniata river at Barree. She came from Spruce Creek on the Seashore Express, and walked to the bridge over the river at Barree, and was in the act of dropping the child into the water head foremost, holding it by the feet, when she was seen by a woman near by, who ran to the rescue of the babe and prevented the woman from accomplishing the inhuman deed. She was taken into custody by several of the citizens, and is held for the action of the court officers of this place. The woman is believed to be insane. The child is only three months old.—*Huntingdon Local News.*

—Bargains at McDonald's store, Loretto, Pa. Sugar, 6, 7, 8 and 9 cents per pound; teas, 35, 50 and 70 cents per pound; coffee 15, 20 and 22 cents per pound; oatmeal, 5 cents; barley, 6 cents; rice 8 cents per pound; calicoes, 4, 5, 6, and 7 cents per yard; dress goods, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 15 cents per yard; children's, misses' and ladies' shoes and all spring and summer goods at actual cost for spot cash or trade.

St. Boniface Items.

ST. BONIFACE, July 31st, 1888.

DEAR FREEMAN:—The new Brubaker railroad is now completed to the coke ovens three and a half miles north of Carrolltown. The railroad runs within a mile of our village and will be a great benefit to the people in this locality. A new town, Hastings City, is laid out one and a quarter miles from St. Boniface and is building up very fast. The location is a good one and the new town is already larger than ours, although we have the age on them by thirty years.

Last week there were thirty-one building lots sold in Hastings City and everything there is booming. A number of new buildings are projected and before long Hastings City will be one of the busiest towns in the north of the county. St. Boniface is also getting livlier every day since the advent of the iron horse. We have coal and other minerals enough in this section to supply one or more railroads for several hundred years, of the best quality. At least that is the reports of the experts who have examined it. Every farm has been leased and the people have got their cash. MONTES.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1888:

Joseph Dashner, Jr., Gallitzin borough, and Mary Houser, Altoona, Pa.

John Plank and Henrietta Bemon, Cambria.

Matthias Jensen and Mary Christina Anderson, Cambria.

William Byrne, Barr township, and Matilda Roup, Pine township, Indiana county, Pa.

F. H. Anderson and Elizabeth J. Cree, Reade township.

Richard Probert and Bessie L. Edwards, Johnstown.

Francis Mowry and Elizabeth Byer, Stony Creek township.

George Theisellak and Hattie Grajcar, Cambria.

Died.

McDERMITT—Died at the residence of L. P. McDermitt in Loretto, on Saturday, July 28th, 1888, Bessie, eldest daughter of Alban and Mary McDermitt of Glen White, Pa., aged 6 years and 5 months.

HOLTZ—Died at the home of the parents in Elder township on Tuesday, July 24th, 1888, Anthony Modestus, infant son of Joseph J. and Mary Ann Holtz, aged 7 months and 5 days.

Sleep, gently sleep, thy life is o'er,
Troubles for thee are now no more,
Angel hands now bear thee on
To serve at God's eternal Throne.

BRADLEY.—Killed in the Niantic Mines at Illinois, on July the 19th, 1888, Patrick, son of Michael and Bridget Bradley, aged 21 years.

Must it be that all that's lovely,
All that's dear must pass away,
That our purest, sweetest treasures
All shall silently decay.

How sad shall be the spring time,
When the flowers bloom again,
Then we will miss our gentle Patrick,
And almost feel that life is vain.

Z.

BARKER—Died at her home in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, July 31st, 1888, Mrs. Orsina P. Barker, wife of Hon. A. A. Barker in the 67th year of her age.

The deased was born in North Bridgeton, Maine, on the 20th of October, 1821, and came to this county with her husband and family in 1855. After residing about a year in Carroll township, the family removed to Ebensburg, where they have continued to reside ever since. Mrs. Barker had long been an invalid, a sufferer from shaking paralysis, the disease having first attacked her about nine years ago in one hand, and since that time, has been slowly but surely doing its fatal work, and for the past two years she was unable to leave her room. She was an earnest, hopeful, christian woman with many virtues and bore her long sufferings with a christian fortitude. She leaves a husband to mourn the loss of a faithful wife, and four sons all grown to manhood and residents of Ebensburg, namely, V. S., F. H., A. V., and C. H. Barker, to mourn the loss of a fond and loving mother. Her funeral took place to-day (Thursday) at 10 o'clock A. M., from the Presbyterian church of this place of which body she had long been a faithful member.

SKELLY—Died in Waco, Texas on Monday, June 27th, 1888, Mr. James Skelly, aged 66 years 8 months and 12 days.

The subject of the above notice was born and raised in Summerhill township, Cambria county, and was a son of John Skelly, deceased, and brother of Daniel, Alexander and Philip Skelly, who still live near the old homestead.

When the call was made for troops for the war with Mexico he enrolled in the "Old Cambria Guards" Company A, 2d Pennsylvania Vols. under Captain James Murray and served with credit in all the engagements his command was engaged in. After his return he taught school and for a time ran an engine on the Old Portage railroad. He, about that time was united in marriage to Sarah Singer, daughter of John Singer, of Jackson township, and soon after removed to Jefferson county, Iowa, where he located his land warrant, but tiring of the West he in a year or two turned his face eastward and returned to Wilmore and ran an engine on the P. R. R. for a time when he again retraced his steps toward the setting sun and located on the Missouri River in Harrison county, Iowa. When the Pikes Peak gold excitement struck the country he was caught in the whirl and after an unsuccessful search for the shining metal he returned to his home in Iowa, which he soon after sold and removed to Kansas; not finding that country congenial to his tastes he next located in Arkansas and from there found his way to Texas. When the late war broke out he enlisted and was commissioned a lieutenant, he served about a year when his failing eye-sight compelled him to resign, and he was for the last few years almost totally blind. His wife preceeded him to the grave about seven years ago. He was the father of eight children, six of whom survive him and live in Texas. Those who knew James Skelly best esteemed him most, a brave soldier, a competent and careful engineer, a painstaking and efficient teacher, a kind and indulgent husband and father, an obliging and good neighbor and an honest man is the eulogy that could be truthfully cut on his tombstone, and his many friends in Cambria county will bear willing testimony to its trutufulness. May his eternal rest be a peaceful one.

J. M. S.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cure Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer. Loretto.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

Hay Fever

sufferers ought to know of its efficacy. Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me as a preventive to Hay Fever. Have been using it since the 9th of August and have found it a specific for that much dreaded disease. For ten years I have been a great sufferer from August 9th till frost, and have tried many alleged remedies, but Ely's Cream Balm is the only preventive I have ever found.—F. B. Ainsworth, Publisher, Indianapolis, Ind.

Orphans' Court Sale

:—OF—:

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

BY virtue of an order issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to sale at public vendue or outcry on the premises in Allegheny township, on

SATURDAY, AUG. 25, 1888.

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

A piece or lot of ground situate in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., bounded on the north by the township road leading from Loretto to Ebensburg, on the east by a 16 foot alley, on the south by a 15 foot alley and on the west by lot No. 6, fronting 50 feet on said township road, and extending back as described 158½ feet, and having a two-storied frame house, a frame stable and the necessary outbuildings thereon erected. This property is situated just outside the northern limits of the borough of Loretto.

By virtue of the same order of Court I will also expose to sale at public vendue or outcry at Gallitzin, on the premises hereinafter described, on said date, August 25th, 1888, at five o'clock P. M. the following described real estate, viz:

A lot of ground situate in the village of Marysville, in Gallitzin borough, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 50 feet on Forest street and extending back 150 feet to an alley, adjoining lot of S. B. Corn on the east, and lot of Wm. Eckenrode on the west, (the coal and minerals being reserved), having thereon erected a two-storied frame house, a frame stable and outbuildings.

☞TERMS OF SALE: Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when the properties are sold, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of the sale, and the remainder in two equal payments in six and twelve months thereafter. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the judgment bond and mortgage of the purchaser.

JOSEPH HOGUE,
Adm'r of Sophia Sill, dec'd.

Loretto, Aug. 3, 1888.-3t.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Thomas Bradley, vs. Matilda Bradley. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county. No. 4, Dec. Term, 1887. Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to MATILDA BRADLEY, GREETING:

WE command you as heretofore commanded that all manner of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of September next, to show cause, if any you have, why your husband Thomas Bradley, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which he hath contracted with you the said Matilda Bradley, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court; and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 4th day of June, A. D. 1888.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.

Attest: JOSEPH A. GRAY, Sheriff.

Ebensburg, July 27, 1888.-6t.

CURRY UNIVERSITY.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Over 1,400 Students Last Year.

Classical; Scientific; Ladies' Seminary; Normal; Penmanship; Music; and Elocution Departments.

Curry Business College and Curry School of Shorthand

are separate schools, each having its own complete Faculty, providing the most thorough practical drill in its line obtainable.

Send for Catalogue of the Department you desire to enter.

JAMES CLARK WILLIAMS, A. M., Prest.

July, 27, 1888.-3mo.

STAR SHAVING PARLOR!

COR. CENTRE AND SAMPLE STREETS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

J. H. GANT, Proprietor.

THE PUBLIC will always find us at our place of business in business hours. Everything kept neat and cozy. A bath room has been connected with the shop where the public can be accommodated with a hot or cold bath. Bath tub and everything connected therein kept perfectly clean. CLEAN TOWELS A SPECIALTY.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS WITHOUT CHANGE.

St. Louis to Los Angeles and San Francisco,

VIA THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

Leave St. Louis at 8:30 P. M., Daily.

THE ONLY LINE THAT DOES IT.

NO HIGH ALTITUDES, NO SNOW BLOCKADES

Important to Canvassers.

WANTED—Live Canvassers in every county in the United States to sell FOX'S PATENT REVERSIBLE SAD IRON, which combines two Sad Irons, Polisher, Fluter, &c., one iron doing the work of an entire set of ordinary irons. Is self-heating by gas or alcohol lamp. DOES AWAY WITH HOT KITCHENS. Price moderate. A large and lasting income insured to good canvassers. Address, for circulars, &c., FOX SAD IRON CO., 95 Reade St., N. Y.

DR. DIX'S CELEBRATED FEMALE POWDERS are safe and always effectual. Used to-day by 18,000 American women. Guaranteed superior to all other remedies, or cash refunded. Send by mail, $1. Particulars 4c. Dr. Dix, 21 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Life of HENRY WARD BEECHER bound in cloth and gold, finely illustrated, giving his life from his birth to his death. Price One Dollar. Expressage prepaid.

UNION BOOK CO.,
Station G., Brooklyn, N.Y.

NOTICE TO BONDHOLDERS.—Notice is hereby given to all persons holding or owning cupon bonds issued by the county of Cambria to present them to the treasurer of said county of Cambria for payment on September 1st, 1888, as after that date interest will cease on the same.

JOHN CAMPBELL,
JOHN KIRBY,
J. G. LLOYD, } Com's.

Attest: D. A. McGough, Clerk.

Ebensburg, July 27, 1888.-6t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphan's Court of Cambria county, to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the first and partial account of William Warner, surviving administrator of John Warner, deceased, hereby give notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, on Monday, the 6th day of August, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., to discharge the duties of his appointment at which time and place all persons interested may attend.

DONALD E. DUFTON,
Auditor.

Ebensburg, Pa., June 29, 1888.

ADMINISTRATRIX' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Basil Bender, deceased, late of Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them, properly authenticated for settlement to

TERESA BENDER,
Adm'x of Basil Bender deceased.

Hemlock, Pa., June 22, '88.-6t.

VALUABLE FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned will sell their farm, situated in Allegheny township, adjoining lands of D. A. McGough, J. Sell, Henry Mansfield, and others, containing 118 acres, 60 acres cleared and 58 well timbered with oak, hemlock, cucumber and hickory. A good two-story-plank house and frame barn, together with all necessary outbuildings, a never failing spring of water and a stream of water running through the farm. There is also 75 choice apple, pear and peach trees on the premises. The above property will be sold at a price and terms to suit the purchaser and a good warrantee deed guaranteed.

MARY FURY,
ANN FURY,
Loretto Postoffice, Pa.

June 1st.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, on the 3rd day of September next, at 2 o'clock P. M., under the Act of Assembly entitled, "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, by S. A. Myers, William Lee, Jr., W. S. Conler, Adam Myers, and William Sharp, and others for the charter of an intended corporation, to be called, "The Union Stock company of Derby, Cambria county, Pa." the character and object of which is, for the purpose of building houses, offices, store-rooms, barns, etc., and doing a general merchandising business, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the Act of Assembly aforesaid and its supplements.

G. M. READE, Solicitor.

July 27, 1888.-3t.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS!

Notice is hereby given that the COUNTY TREASURER of Cambria County will attend, for the purpose of receiving County and State Taxes assessed for the year 1888, at the places of holding the elections in the respective districts, on the dates mentioned below:

South Fork	July 16th.
Croyle Township	July 17th.
Wilmore	July 18th.
Summerhill	July 19th.
Portage	July 20th.
Lilly and Washington, No. 1	July 23d.
Tunnelhill Borough	July 24th.
Gallitzin	July 25th.
Washington Township, No. 2	July 26th.
Munster	July 27th.
Barr Township	July 30th.
Susquehanna Township	July 31st.
Elder Township	August 1st
Carrolltown	August 2d.
Carroll Township	August 3d.
Clearfield Township	August 6th.
Dean Township	August 7th.
Reade Township	August 8th.
White Township	August 9th.
Chest Township	August 10th.
Chest Springs	August 13th.
Ashville	August 14th.
Gallitzin Township	August 15th.
Allegheny Township	August 16th.
Loretto	August 17th.
Blacklick Township	August 20th.
Cambria Township	August 21st.
Ebensburg, East Ward	August 22d.
Ebensburg, West Ward	August 23d.
East Conemaugh	July 16th.
Franklin	July 17th.
Woodvale	July 18th.
Conemaugh, 1st Ward	July 19th.
Conemaugh, 2d Ward	July 20th.
Johnstown, 1st Ward	July 23d.
" 2d Ward	July 24th.
" 3d Ward	July 25th.
" 4th Ward	July 26th.
" 5th Ward	July 27th.
" 6th Ward	July 30th.
" 7th Ward	July 31st.
Millville, 1st Ward	August 1st.
Millville, 2d Ward	August 2d.
Cambria, 1st Ward	August 3d.
Cambria, 2d Ward	August 6th.
Coopersdale	August 7th.
Prospect	August 8th.
Grubbtown	August 9th.
Jackson Township	August 10th.
Upper Yoder	August 13th.
Taylor, East	August 14th.
Taylor, West	August 15th.
Conemaugh Township	August 16th.
Stony Creek Township	August 17th.
Adams Township	August 20th.
Richland Township	August 21st.
Lower Yoder	August 22d.

A discount of 5 per cent. will be allowed on all Taxes paid on or before September 1st, and after October 1st 5 per cent. will be added on all unpaid.

THOS. E. HOWE,
County Treasurer.

Treasurer's Office Ebensburg, May 23, 1888.

WOOL! WOOL!

WM. MURRAY & SON want you to bring your wool to Altoona and get the highest market price, either CASH or TRADE. We have the largest stock of Dry Goods, Notions and Carpets in Central Pennsylvania to select from.

WM. MURRAY & SON,
1315 and 1317 Eleventh Ave.,
Altoona, Pa.

June 8th, 1888.-3m.

AGENTS WANTED

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, BEST KNOWN NURSERIES in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequaled facilities. GENEVA NURSERY. Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH, GENENA, N. Y. 3teow.

What Medical Men Say.

Superintendents of Hospitals and the Faculty in general have, over their own signatures, endorsed, for purity, age and quality, the now well-known stimulant,

KLEIN'S SILVER AGE.

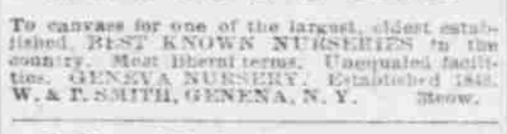
The price is within the reach of most anyone, being only $1.50 for a full quart. You can also get the following well known brands, never less than six years old: Finch's, Gibson's or Guckenheimers. Full quarts, $1 each, or six quarts for $5, neatly packed and sent anywhere. Send the money, that I may ship to you direct and obedient to all laws. Address

MAX KLEIN,
Dealer in Rye Whiskies,
Allegheny, Pa.

May 11, '88, 1 yr.

WE WANT YOU!

To send us 40 cents for one of our



8-in. FARM WRENCHES.

Light, Handy and Strong, will Outwear and Outlast Two Ordinary Wrenches.

YOU WANT

AN ELLRICH

Household S. D. Set.

This set consists of a Rosewood Handle and four interchangeable blades (2 screwdrivers and 2 chisels) fitting same; all packed in a neat wood box. This tool is constantly useful everywhere, around the house, at the office, in the shop, on the farm. Sent free on receipt of $1.60.

Ask Your Local Dealer

for them, if he has not got them, he will get them for you, or we will send either on receipt of price, as above. *Send stamp for our illustrated catalogue.*

ELLRICH & CO.,
Plantsville, Conn.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY IS NOW!

Our Great Annual Sale of Odds and Ends COMMENCES TO-DAY.

From now until the first of September our attention will be devoted to our Great Sale of Odds and Ends, and the public will be afforded an opportunity to purchase reliable, well-made and honest clothing at the lowest prices ever heard of in Johnstown. All our odd suits that were selling right along at $9, $10, $11 and $12 have been placed side by side on one separate table and can now be bought for $8.50 a suit. Our stock of $3, $3.50 and $4 odd pants will now be sold for $2.50 a pair, and odd vests worth 75c. and $1—you can buy at 50c. each. Odd coats from $2 up; Seersucker coats and vests, 68c.; light stiff hats from 75c. to $1.50.

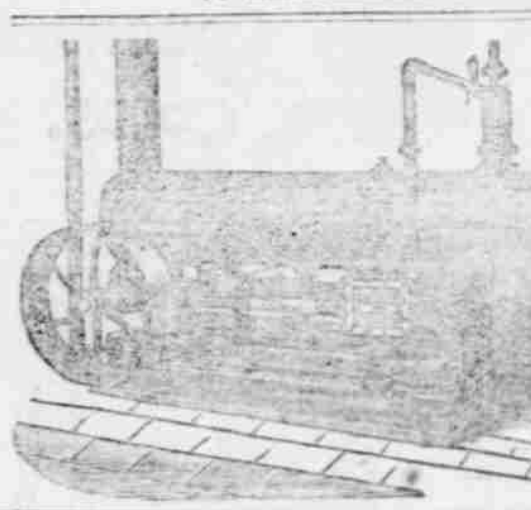
BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

WOOLF, SON & THOMAS,

Leading Clothiers of Johnstown, Pa.

WATERTOWN STEAM ENGINE Co.,

WATERTOWN, N. Y.



Manufacturers of STEAM ENGINES and BOILERS *Of All Kinds.*

Write for Catalogue.

WHY WILL PEOPLE use the Impure and Unwholesome Refrigerators which are lined with wood, zinc and other metals, that cause gastric troubles and [illegible] by tainting milk, when they can get

REFRIGERATORS

LINED WITH

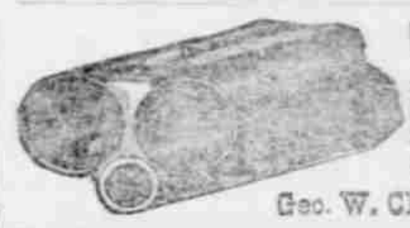
Stoneware and Indurated Fibre,

which are free from absorption, corrosion, and [illegible] THOROUGHLY SANITARY, [illegible]

MONROE BROS.,

Central Way and Jefferson Street,

CLEVELAND, OHIO.



Our New Combination Shot Gun and Rifle.

We have the best three barrel combination gun made. A good breech-loader for $9.50 We want to dispose of these $9.50 [illegible] OUR EMPEROR GUNS [illegible] the best value in the market. If in want of Guns, Rifles, Watches, or Sporting Goods send us your [illegible] OUR MAN ON THE ROAD will call on you. Send 25 cts. for a Cow Hide Cartridge Whistle.

Geo. W. Claflin & Co., 54 & 56 Duane St., New York.

THE

CAMBRIA FREEMAN,

Ebensburg, Penn'a.,

$1.50 Per Year $1.50

The coming National Campaign will be exciting as well as interesting one and no person should be without a good newspaper. The CAMBRIA FREEMAN will faithfully chronicle all national and local events and will give its readers all the news. The price is within the reach of all and no person can afford to be without it.

A TIP TO ADVERTISERS.

The large and reliable circulation of the FREEMAN (1,200) commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers and their favors will be inserted at the lowest rates. The FREEMAN is read weekly by about 7,000 people.

THE JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

connected with the FREEMAN, is one of the most complete in the county. Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Cards, Envelopes, Circulars, Dodgers, Posters, Programmes, etc., etc., will be printed on short notice, in the latest styles and at the most reasonable prices.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency

T. W. DICK,

General Insurance Agent,

EBENSBURG, PA.

SALESMEN WANTED

to canvass for the sale of Nursery Stock! Steady employment guaranteed. SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID. Apply at once, stating age. CHASE BROTHERS COMPANY.

(Refer to this paper.)
Rochester, N. Y.

THE SANFORD REFLECTOR

HOT-AIR FURNACE,

The MOST POWERFUL HEATER in the Market.

Over 30,000 SANFORD Heaters in Use.

HOME COMFORT.
COMFORT AT HOME.

A Trial Will Justify Our Claims.

Also Manufacturers of The Sanford Jewel (Baltimore Heater), the Sanford Reflector Range and Heating Range; the Sanford Premier Range for French Flats and Apartment Houses, and the celebrated Arbiter Cooks. *Before purchasing, describe and send for circular and* [illegible]

The Sanford National Stove Works, [illegible]

CHEAPEST and BEST. Prices Reduced.

HOLMAN'S NEW PARALLEL BIBLES [illegible] pages. Over 2000 Fully Illustrated. Ag'ts wanted free. A Circular [illegible] Holman & Co., Phila

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of Ithaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., 2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

WHEN you want JOB WORK done call at this office.

A Womans's Curiosity.

When the British army held possession of Philadelphia, Gen. Howard's headquarters were on Second street the Fourth door below Spruce, in a house which was before occupied by Gen. Cadwallader. Directly opposite resided William and Lydia Darrah, members of the society of Friends. A superior officer of the British army, believed to be the Adjutant-General, fixed upon one of their chambers, a back room, for private conference, and two of them frequently met there with fire and candles, in close consultation. About the third of December they told Lydia that they would be in the room about 7 o'clock, and remain late, and that they wished the family to retire early to bed, adding that when they were going away they would call her to let them out, and extinguish their fire and candles. She accordingly sent all the family to bed; but as the officer had been so particular, her curiosity was excited. She took off her shoes, and put her ear to the key-hole of the conclave. She overheard an order read for all the British troops to march out late in the evening of the 4th and attack Gen. Washington's army, then encamped at White Marsh. On hearing this, she returned to her chamber, and laid herself down. Soon after the officers knocked at her door, but she arose only at the third summons, having feigned sleep.

Her mind was so much agitated that from this moment she could neither eat nor sleep, supposing it to be in her power to save the lives of her countrymen, but not knowing how she was to convey the necessary intelligence to Gen. Washington, nor daring to confide in her husband. The time left was, however, short. She quickly determined to make her way as soon as possible to the American outposts. She informed her family that, as they were in want of flour, she would go to Frankford for some. Her husband insisted that she should take with her a servant maid, but to his surprise she positively refused. She got across to Gen. Howe and solicited what he readily granted—a pass through the British troops on the lines. Leaving her bag at the mill, she hastened towards the American lines and encountered on her way an American Lieutenant-Colonel (Craig) of the Light Horse, who, with some of his men, was on the lookout for information. He knew her and inquired whither she was going. She answered in quest of her son an officer in the American army, and prayed the Colonel to alight and walk with her. He did so, ordering his troops to keep in sight. To him she disclosed her momentous secret, after having obtained from him the most solemn promise never to betray her individually, since her life might be at stake with the British. He conducted her to a house near at hand, directed a female to give her something to eat, and speeded for headquarters, where he acquainted General Washington with the important information.

Washington made, of course, all preparations for baffling the intended surprise. Lydia returned with her flour; sat up alone to watch the movement of the British troops; heard their footsteps, but when they returned, in a few days after, did not dare ask a question, though solicitous to learn the event. The next evening the Adjutant-General came in, and requested her walk up to her room, as he wished to put some questions. She followed him in terror, and when he locked the door, and begged her, with an air of mystery, to be seated, she was sure she was either suspected, or had been betrayed. He inquired earnestly whether any of her family were up the last night he and the other officers met. She told him that they all retired at eight o'clock. He observed:

"I know *you* were alseep, for I knocked at your chamber door three times before you heard me. I am entirely at a loss to imagine who gave Gen. Washington information of our intended attack, unless the walls of the house could speak. When we arrived near White Marsh we found all their cannon mounted and the troops prepared to receive us, and we have marched back like a parcel of fools.

Why Germans Use Glasses.

"It comes from reading," observed the oculist.

"Yes, but why should Germans be more near sighted than Americans? Do they read more?"

"I don't think they do, but it is the kind of books they read that causes their vision to be defective."

"How so?"

"The German books are printed in the dazzling old English type, which tries the eyes more than any other type in use in civilized countries. It requires such close scrutiny that the eyes are invaribly strained. So well known is this fact that recently the Austrian minister of public instruction issued a very sensible decree forbidding the use of books printed in small type in the public schools. Now, with American school books this would not be so necessary, but German books to be harmless must be printed in large, bold faced characters. There is a large party of reformers in Germany who are striving to have the types of that nation officially changed to Roman, and the use of English script has largely taken the place of the German script in correspondence. Educated Germans read one style as readily as the other, and the former is growing rapidly in popularity. It will not be long before all books will appear in the same characters, if not in the same language, and when that time comes the eyes of succeeding generations will be stronger than those of the present, but I don't apprehend that this will happen early enough to injure my business. Reforms come slowly and physicians will find their hands full until the dawn of the "millenuium.

YOUNG onions are easily destroyed by weeds or grass, and to have a full crop the patch should be examined often, especially after a rain, as rains induce growth of grass. Hand-picking is often required, and the cultivation should not cease until the crop is nearly matured.

KEEP cool and you command everybody.

KASKINE
THE NEW QUININE.

GIVES GOOD APPETITE STRENGTH, QUIET NERVES, HAPPY DAYS, SWEET SLEEP.

A POWERFUL TONIC,
that the most delicate stomach will bear.
A SPECIFIC FOR MALARIA, RHEUMATISM, NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
and all Germ Diseases.

The most scientific and succesful Blood Purifier. Superior to quinine

Mr. John C. Scarborough, Selma, N. C., writes: "I got malaria in the Southern army and for a dozen years suffered from its debilitating effects. I was terribly run down when I heard of Kaskine, the new quinine. It helped me at once. I gained 35 pounds. Have not had such good health in 20 years.

Other letters of a similar character from prominent individuals, which stamp Kaskine as a remedy of undoubted merit, will be sent on application.

Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

Kaskine can be taken without any special medical advice. $1 a bottle. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

THE KASKINE CO., 54 Warren St., New York.

GANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

For Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Bright's Heart, Urinary or Liver diseases. Cure Guarranteed. Office, 831 Arch street, Philadelphia. All druggists. Try it. $1 a bottle, six for $5.
March 16, 1888. 1y.

SINE'S SYRUP WATCHES & YOU SLEEP

DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING
NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE
PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. NEVER OUT OF ORDER.
NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.
CHICAGO ILL. – 30 UNION SQUARE, N.Y. – DALLAS, TEX.
ST. LOUIS, MO. ATLANTA, GA. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FOR SALE BY

DR. SETH ARNOLD'S COUGH KILLER
CURES COUGHS & COLDS
PREVENTS CONSUMPTION

All Druggists, 25c., 50c., and $1.00. Prepared only by Dr. Seth Arnold, Med. Corp., Woonsocket, R. I.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
Beautifully Illustrated. 25 cts., $3 a Year.

ITS SCOPE.—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE gives preference to national topics and scenes, and its literature and art are of the highest standard. Famous American writers fill its pages with a wide variety of interesting sketches of travel and adventure, serial and short stories, descriptive accounts of our famous countrymen and women, brief essays on the foremost problems of the period, and, in short, this Magazine is

Distinctively Representative of American Thought and Progress.

It is acknowledged by the press and public to be the most popular and entertaining of the high-class monthlies.

IMPORTANT. A Specimen Number, with Illustrated Premium List, and Special Inducements in Cash or Valuable Premiums to Club Raisers, will be sent on receipt of 15c., if this paper is mentioned.

Responsible and energetic persons wanted to solicit subscriptions. Write at once for exclusive territory.

Address, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE CO., 749 Broadway, New York.

THE "OPERA" PIANO,
MANUFACTURED BY
PEEK & SON.
(Established 1850)
212 to 216 West 47th Street and 1567 & 1569 Broadway, NEW YORK.

The "OPERA" Piano is a strictly first-class instrument, fully warranted for five years. The most perfect instrument in the market and the

Most Moderate in Price.

Catalogue, Terms, Prices, and full Information by mail.

Special inducements to readers of this paper.

Our Cottage Upright is a marvel of beauty, and the highest grade of excellency.

It will pay to write us.
(MENTION THIS PAPER.)

LAST OPPORTUNITY!
For CHEAP EXCURSION To
CALIFORNIA.
$72 from St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route
$60 from Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Ry.

Tickets are good for six months, limited to sixty days for going passage with stop over privileges at pleasure within limit of west-bound passage. Special excursion trains leave St. Louis via Iron Mountain Route, February 16th and Kansas City via Missouri Pacific Railway, February 17th. All coupon offices in the United States and Canada will sell tickets to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco via this EXCURSION.

Capillarity of Soil.

Dr. E. Lewis Sturtevant, in using and explaining the term "capillarity of the soil," has formulated into doctrine what has been observed and desultorily taught through generations. The old writers insist on fine tillage, a rendering of the soil into fine tilth—evenly granulated all through—and the famous exploits of Tull, and of Smith, of Lois Weedon in producing heavy crops continually without manure on heavy clay soils, were results of this intimately fine working of them. A soil may be called capillary when so finely divided (yet without being ground into powder—impalpable) as to resemble the finest sand, the particles of which, as one may see in a heap of broken redstone, lie in close contact, yet everywhere leaves spaces communicating so as to allow water or air free passage. When we take up a handful of damp loam and press it it falls apart again almost as readily as the fine sand, yet not wholly, because the particles hold to each other, when once quite near by the attraction of cohesion. This same attraction also allures the water, as is distinctly seen when one end of a glass tube of any caliber (as a piece of a broken thermometer tube) is dipped vertically in colored water; the water will be seen rising quite far up the narrow interior and even drawn up against the outer face of the glass as far as a one-sided pull can take it. A lump of white sugar with its base just barely touching the same water will immediately draw it to the top, ascended through the interstices. A dry clot of capillary soil—loam—will take up the liquid similarly. If the sugar is compacted into candy, or the soil into a dense clayey lump, this beautiful effect can not occur. Too finely powdered loam, as road dust for example, wetted into a dough and then dried, will be too compact to admit of it. And if we crush this dried cake or the cake of clay into coarse fragments, the interstices will be too wide for the power of attraction to reach arcross and the water will fail to climb up. It is like a chimney-sweep of the olden time who could mount up a flue with back against one side, and hands and knees against the other, but would fail in chimneys too wide for such a means of ascent.

This principle underlies all soil-working, and should guide continually in the management of heavy soils. It accounts for the better success with wheat or rye sown on corn stubbles without replowing. The sod that was turned down in the spring for corn renders the soil, by the end of September, in the best condition of capillarity, but if we plow it again, tearing out the thick corn roots, we can not restore that same equably fine condition but leave openings, especially among the corn roots which both cut off the capillary ascent of moisture and by becoming filled with stagnant, damp air, form chambers for the growth of molds that are poisonous to the plant roots. The supply of moisture to feeding roots of plants from below is superior to surface irrigation supply in at least three respects: First, it is comparatively inexpensive. Next, it feeds the roots as well as supplies water to convey the food; for the salts that dissolve into the soil water at whatever depth, rise with it to the surface, and it is only there that they separate, as only the pure vapor of water can take wing and rise among the particles of air like as the solution did through the particles of earth. In dry autumnal weather we often see the surface visibly coated with deposited salts left behind in this way. Water or irrigation may bring with it some nutriment in solution, but it is very often the case that its excessive flow carries this means of fertility beyond the reach of the plants, if it does not even carry some of the soil away too. Much of the good effect of irrigation on dry Western soils results from its dissolving salts left at the surface and conveying them down again within the reach of the absorbing root-points. This brings up a third great merit of this capillary supply of the constantly needed water—that its supply is constant as long as there is water below and within reach of the capillary structure of the soil, and also that its supply is never in injurious excess.

Working the Soil.

Every close observer must assent to the fact that proper culture at the proper time will go far toward carrying a crop of anything over a dry spell, and I think that the advantages derived are chiefly due to breaking the capillaries, and also to the fine surface acting as a mulch. To suppose that the moist soil two inches below the surface of a finely-pulverized soil is due to absorption to any great extent, I can not conceive. Last season, during our almost unprecedented drought, when there was not moisture enough many nights in the atmosphere even to be visible in the form of dew upon cool blades of grass or foliage (the most favored surface for condensation), a careful observer would have noticed in the evening, and again in the morning, that the moisture from beneath a fine pulverized surface was fully one inch nearer the surface in the morning than in the previous evening, which could not be attributed to any other cause than attraction from beneath.

Again, if we lay a board or flat stone upon a well pulverixed spot of ground in which there is no visible moisture for say two inches, in a few days you will find the moisture from beneath rise to the surface, not from absorption from the air, but from beneath. Another cause, in favor of proper cultivation, may be ascribed to the fact that a fine pulverized surface, loose and porous, having all the little interstices filled with air, not a circulating, but to a degree dead air, acting as a non-conductor of heat, greatly prevents evaporation by the hot rays of the sun, thus making the soil much more retentive of moisture held by capillary the principle. Let us never allow a crust to form upon the surface, and we shall complain less of dry weather.

THE neglect of the habit of accuracy seriously limits a man's personal influence, and also his personal enjoyment.

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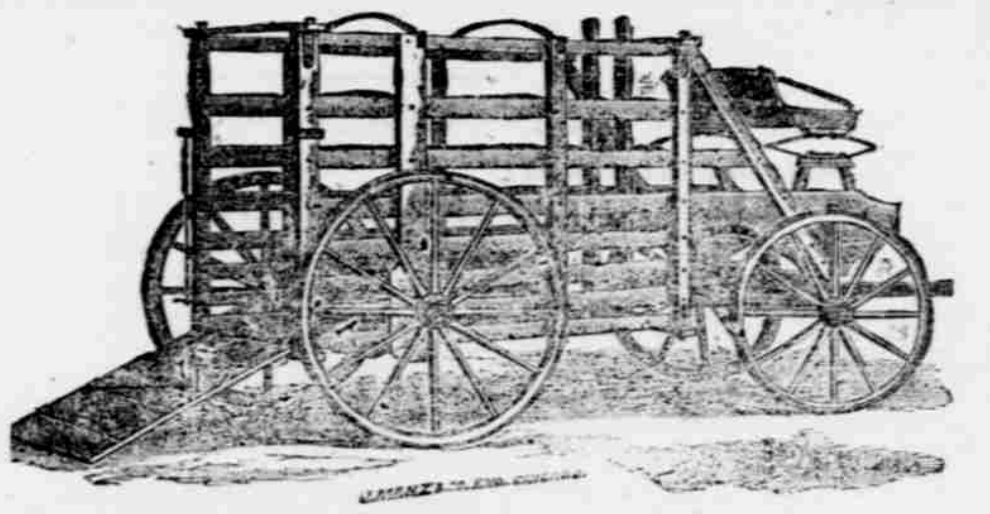

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MANUFACTURER OF
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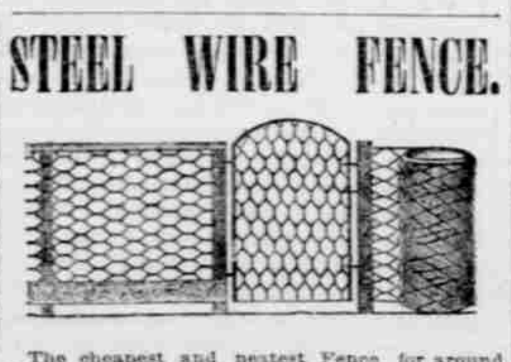

The cheapest and neatest Fence for around Lawns, School Lots, Poultry Yards, Gardens, Farms, Park and Cemetery Fences and Gates. Perfect Automatic Gate. Also, all kinds of Wire Work. Write for Prices. State kind and quality of fence wanted. Manufacturers of Fire Escapes and Iron Work.
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Raising Calves on Skim Milk.

You ask me in relation to raising calves on skim milk and if this is a practice among farmers where I reside? I would reply that it is, and one that has been followed for a long time by many farmers. This State is largely devoted to the dairy industry and in Franklin county especially, every farmer keeps cows; the herds will average from ten to fifty, so you see there is a large amount of skim milk to dispose of, as but very little cheese is now made; this is fed to calves pigs and poultry. To keep up these herds it is necessary to raise quite a number of calves every year; besides this many are fed either as veal or to be otherwise disposed of, outside of the State. Sometimes they have been sent west and south.

These calves are raised princially on skim milk, as the farmers could hardly make it pay to feed new milk. After the first few days the milk is skimmed, at first while it is yet sweet, then not until all the cream has risen.

This, of course, is where the large and small open pans are used, and not the deep, cold setting, or the seperator process, where the milk is sweet after all the cream is obtained. The milk should be warmed to an equal temperature with that drawn from the cow before it is fed. This should be so managed that it will not become thick or cheesy, if it is sour, as it usually will be.

The calves should be fed regularly and not too much at a time. This is very important, as by over feeding scouring is likely to result, the animal will not do well and sometimes die.

With our common stock two quarts at a feed twice a day is enough, until several weeks old. To succeed with this method of feeding it should be followed up during as large a part of the season as there is milk for the purpose.

When the weather gets warm there will not be as much trouble in preparing the milk. I find it profitable to boil a small quantity of wheat middlings in water and put in the milk a tablespoonful or two of the middlings for the calf. They will do much better with this than with milk alone.

I think that oil meal would be excelent for the purpose, and where flax seed is cheap, that can be made to answer an excellent purpose, boiling in water and putting a little of the jelly in the milk. This will take the place in a measure, of the fat removed in the cream.

Perhaps, after a time, if the calves will eat ground oats dry, these might be substituted for the porridge or jelly. When a few weeks old they will eat hay, and then should have is as regularly as cows. It is better to have them seperate so that they will not suck each other, and thus contract bad habits. It is also very important that they be kept clean, dry and warm. Some will keep in barns during a considerable part of the summer and feed hay, considering that better than turning to grass while they are having milk. All of these details require care, but if success is expected it will pay to bestow it.

Many farmers are now grading up their herds with Jersey blood. We find it somewhat more difficult to raise calves from this breed than used to be the case with the old native stock, but properly managed, they make fine animals, and are ready to commence giving milk at an early age. Where calves are to be fed for veal or to be sent out of the State, when size is an important requsite, some of the larger breeds are more desirable. The calves that are to remain on the farm should be kept thrifty and growing from the time they were born until they commence giving milk. This here, is usually at two years, so it will be seen how important it is that they have proper care all the time, in order that they make profitable cows.

Generally it is found that the way of disposing of the skim milk pure described is fully as profitable as feeding to pigs—sometimes more so—and helps to put to a good use product of which we have an abundance, and that otherwise might go to waste.

Western Sod Shanties.

To begin with, there is something forbidding and repulsive about the very name of shanty. We associate it with a condition of dirt and dilapidation, although there is no reason why a shanty should not be neat and clean both inside and out.

The word is said to be derived from two Irish words meaning an old house; therefore, a shanty need not be small, dirty or out of repair. In this country, shanties are chiefly found in the West, and although they present no feature to gratify the artistic sense, they are better than they look.

The sod shanty marks the crest of the advancing wave of civilization, and it is never built with a view to more than temporary occupation, giving way in time to commodious and stylish dwellings or substantial farm houses and spacious barns and outbuildings.

But, while it lasts, the sod shanty possesses qualities of more practical importance than mere beauty of form and color. It is warm in winter and cool in summer, and no other dwelling affords more secure protection against the storms which sweep across the country from the extreme North to the Gulf of Mexico.

Most of these shanties are finished inside in a style that renders them more than comfortable. Narrow boards are set against the inside of the walls, and nailed to the floor, as well as to horizontal strips built into the wall for that purpose. Thin, cheap cotton cloth or building paper is tacked on these strips all around the room, and wall paper is then pasted on in the usual way. The roof is of boards or earth sodded over.

Thus, with ingenuity, taste and a few hundred feet of pine boards, the enterprising settler and his wife will soon build a comfortable, if not elegant, dwelling, to shelter there until the increasing wealth of the settler warrants a better change.

But, at its worst, the sod shanty of the West is far superior to the Irishman's hovel, the Mexican adobe hut, or the "auld clay biggin" which sheltered Scotland's plowman bard.

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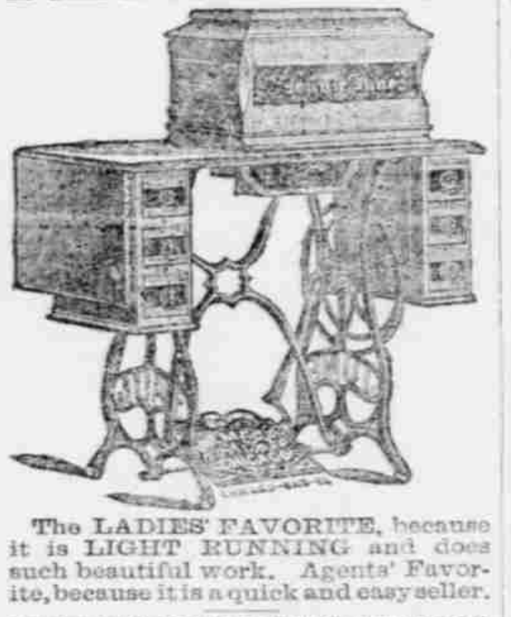

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NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS.
A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and sexual incapacity. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr Hobensack's Laboratory,
No. 206 N. 2d Street, Phila. Send for circular.

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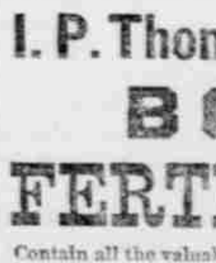

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OUR WORKS possess every facility. We give them our personal attention. For the same money we guarantee our goods not to be surpassed. Those who use them endorse them. You use them and you will endorse them.
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Refers to 2d National Bank, Washington, D. C.
SEND FOR INVENTOR'S GUIDE.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Its a nod thing to see a man asleep in church.

The old cure—wet clay—is always a good application for a bee sting.

A railroad man is more liable than any other man to have a carbuncle.

Skirts are growing wider, but the difference is made entirely in the back widths.

The boss rooster of the barn yard refers to hens as the lay members of his congregation.

Leprosy exists in this country in Minnesota, in the Calcasian parish in Louisiana and in Nova Scotia.

After a hard fight a few days ago near Delia, Pa., a rabbit prevented a crow from eating her little ones.

Nola Twigg, a servant girl of Portland, Ore., has fallen heiress to a fortune of $200,000 in England.

The lessons of life make deeper impressions than the lessons of books, because they touch the heart before they reach the head.

When a man has once forfeited his reputation or his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

A rattlesnake was recently killed by Mrs. L. A. West, of Crooked Creek. The reptile was engaged in playing with a pet cat near the house.

A nugget of ruby ore weighing 1,600 pounds and estimated to worth $10,000 was taken from r mine near Elko, Cal., a few days ago.

"Hoodlum" comes from the German huddler, meaning the loafer, or idler; so "bummer" from the German bummler, a word of similar import.

Frank Mills, a Harvard student, died recently from the effects of opium smoking, which he indulged in to excess in a Chinese joint at Cambridge.

Recently a disgusted, Oshkosh, Wis., juryman offered to pay the sum in dispute if the claimant would dismiss the case. The offer was refused.

Walter Cooper, a prominent English gypsy, died recently, and his body was drawn to the churchyard by a favorite mare. The mare was then sacrificed.

A colored minister in Nevada prayed the other day that the indelicate might be made delicate, the intemperate temperate and the industrious dustrious.

A little Burlington girl persisted in singing while her grandfather was taking a nap. She explained that she was "trying to sing granpa's nose to sleep."

The fastest run on an American railroad was made on the Philadelphia and Reading road, when a train ran 92 miles in 93 minutes. One mile was made in 46 seconds.

The population of Canada is less than that of the State of New York; and yet while New York has a debt of only about $7,000,000, Canada has a debt of nearly $240,000,000.

It has just been discovered in Austria that one of the four State executioners is a woman. She is large and muscular, has a heavy voice, and has adjusted the nooses for twenty-six victims.

Electric rifles are the latest. Instead of the ordinary percussion firing device, a dry choloride of silver battery and a primary coil will, so it was lately stated before the American institute, fire the rifle 35,000 times without recharging.

In the coffin of the dead Emperor ex-Empress Victoria placed a small gold chain, to which three lockets were attached containing minatures which she had taken during their courtship, and which he had always worn until his last illness.

Food For Thought

Temperate anger well becomes the wise.

Light cares speak, great ones are dumb.

As base as slander is, it is never lost for the want of listeners.

A man never can be happy unless his first objects are outside of himself.

Sometimes a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.

The happiness or unhappiness of old age is often nothing but the extract of a past life.

We can furnish nothing in this life; but we may make a beginning, and bequeath a noble example.

If a man is doing a good business he should not tie up his surplus or take a venture on the street.

Noah was the first man who strictly observed Lent. He lived on water for forty days and nights.

Contentment is a good thing until it reaches the point where it sits in the shade and lets the weeds grow.

What delights, what emancipates, not what scares and pains us is wise and good in speech and in the arts.

There were never too many flowers in this world, and not one kind word too many has ever yet been spoken.

Success doesn't impose itself on any one. Those who win must reach for things, and at the same time cultivate their grip.

Elevate your businesss. Remember that the more elevated your business character the more easy it will be to get money.

Society is composed of two great classes, those who have more appetite than dinner, and those who more have dinner than appetite.

Pests of the Corn Field.

In corn planting time the farmer is worried by many pests. Crows and blackbirds pull up the sprouting seed, and if this is truly done in pursuit of nefarious cutworms and pestilent grubs the damage is in no way mollified or lessened. Squirrels and chipmunks dig up the seed and cutworms sever the tender sprouts. It is useless and unreasonable to complain when simple and effective precautions are ignored and neglected. Seed stirred in just sufficient hot water in which a table-spoonful of tar has been mixed by agitation to coat each grain with a film of the tar will not be attacked by crows or cutworms or squirrels. We have steeped the seed in a solution of saltpetre in hot water, with the result of hastening the germination by two days, and thus lessening the danger of mischief by these pests, and by adding a few drops of carbolic acid to the quart of solution the odor of the seed becomes too offensive for all the common pests combined.